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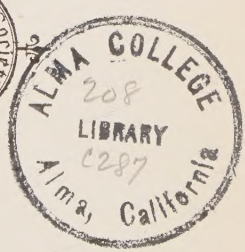

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69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

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The Bull on Anglican Orders.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

IT is now[1] about two years since the commencement of the movement started by Lord Halifax and Père Portal, and it will be remembered that the primary object for which these zealous men proposed to work was the establishment of a Corporate Reunion between their respective Churches. If the validity of Anglican Orders was placed in the foreground of the plan of operations, it was because Lord Halifax insisted that their recognition by Rome would be regarded by Anglicans as an indispensable condition of Reunion, whilst at the same time he deemed the question to be one which the Holy See could entertain without any sacrifice of its essential claims. Hence the movement was inaugurated with a *brochure* on this subject by Père Portal, writing under the *nom de plume* of Fernand Dalbus. *Les Ordinations Anglicanes* was intended to recommend these Orders to the favourable notice of French Catholics, and it certainly attracted considerable attention on both sides of the Channel. The interest was fostered by an interchange of visits between the English and French Reunionists, and after a brief interval, by a Latin work, *De Hierarchia Anglicana*, from the pen of Messrs. Denny and Lacey, which was diligently circulated in France and at Rome. In Rome especially the movement was actively propagated, its adherents seeking to enlist the sympathies of the Cardinals and

[1] December, 1896.

other influential personages; and M. Duchesne, as it was understood, made himself the mouthpiece of the party to bring the matter under the formal notice of the Holy See. It was suggested that in view of the progress in liturgical studies since the sixteenth century, and the general feeling of Anglicans that the Roman authorities had never given their claims a fair consideration, the question might be reopened and an official inquiry into the facts instituted.

Leo XIII. has nothing nearer to his heart than the desire to see the wounds of Christendom healed, and he lent no unwilling ear to the request. He decided to have the inquiry, and determined that it should be carried out in the most thorough and impartial manner. Accordingly he assembled a first and preparatory Commission to collect the requisite materials, and formed it out of those who on either side of the controversy had given special attention to the different departments of the evidence; each side being represented in equal numbers. The proceedings of the Commission were watched with great interest by the Anglican body, and the fairness of its constitution was praised by Lord Halifax and Mr. Puller, the latter with Mr. Lacey going to Rome that they might act as outside instructors of the members who represented their views. This preparatory Commission over, a judicial Commission was appointed, before which the materials collected were laid. We all know with what anxiety the decision of this latter Commission was awaited; we know, too, how, when the impression began to prevail that the decision had been adverse, the anxiety to have it published passed into an anxiety to have it suppressed, recourse

being even had to Mr. Gladstone, who wrote a mysterious letter under the direction of Lord Halifax—a letter which was interpreted to mean that the Pope should think seriously of the harm he would do if he allowed a condemnation to issue.

If any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, let him compare it with what Lord Halifax has himself said in the *Nineteenth Century* for May of this year (1896). It seems necessary, however, to remind ourselves of the facts at the present conjuncture, since, now that the adverse decision has been promulgated, the Anglican journals are protesting that the investigation was none of their seeking, and that the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* can, in consequence, only be regarded as a gratuitous assault upon their feelings. It is true that no official application from the Anglican hierarchy was addressed to the Holy See, as indeed it is true that the members of the Anglican hierarchy were incapable of agreeing among themselves as to what they wanted on a doctrinal subject like this. But the course taken by the Halifax-Portal party amounted to a distinct application, and placed the Holy See in the necessity of either promulgating the decision to which it had been led by the evidence, or leaving an open door to noxious misconstructions.

Why then, we may well ask, all these storms of abuse with which the High Anglican papers are resounding? If they attach no importance to a judgment of the Holy See, it should be the easier for them to regard what has happened in an equable frame of mind. If they do attach importance to its judgment, can they not at least recognize that

Leo XIII. has been doing only what he conscientiously felt to be his duty, under circumstances of which they themselves were in such large measure the creators? They told him they longed to see the time when they could reunite their own people with the communion over which he presides, and he responded by pointing out to them the only conditions under which such a reunion could be accomplished. They told him that a great obstacle in their path would be removed if he could see his way to recognize at least the validity of their Orders, and, after careful inquiry, undertaken with the best of wills, he writes to say that the claims of truth do not permit him to gratify them. Could he well have kept silence when thus approached? or could he without insincerity have answered otherwise?

Nor can they take rational offence at the tone and texture of the language with which the decision is communicated, for it could not possibly have been more gentle and considerate, or more appreciative of their religious earnestness. He reminds them of the "generous way in which (his) zeal and plainness of speech (in his two former addresses), inspired by no mere human motives, have met the approval of the English people," implying that it has encouraged him to hope that his present utterance may be received with the same sympathetic courtesy and ascribed to the same sense of duty. He tells them what we have been just saying, namely, that he had been moved to re-examine the subject by the representations of certain Anglican and Catholic students, who were agreed in thinking that "in view of studies brought up to the level of recent research, and of new docu-

ments rescued from oblivion, it was not inopportune to re-examine the question by (his) authority;" that he felt these "writers had been actuated by the desire to smooth the way for the return of Anglicans to holy unity," and that he in turn, "not disregarding such desires and opinions, and, above all, obeying the dictates of Apostolic charity, (has) considered that nothing should be left untried that might in any way tend to preserve souls from injury or procure their advantage."

It is in such language that he describes the origin of the investigation, and in language no less gentle and earnest he communicates the result to which it has led.

It remains for Us to say that even as We have entered upon the elucidation of this grave question in the name and in the love of the Great Shepherd, in the same We appeal to those who desire and seek with a sincere heart the possession of a hierarchy and of Orders. Perhaps until now aiming at the greater perfection of Christian virtue, and searching more devoutly the Divine Scriptures, and redoubling the fervour of their prayers, they have, nevertheless, hesitated in doubt and anxiety to follow the voice of Christ, which so long has interiorly admonished them. Now they see clearly whither He in His goodness invites them and wills them to come. In returning to His one only fold they will obtain the blessings which they seek, and the consequent helps to salvation of which He has made the Church the dispenser and, as it were, the constant guardian and promoter of His Redemption amongst the nations. Then indeed *they shall draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour*,[1] His wondrous Sacraments, whereby His faithful souls have their sins truly remitted and are restored to the friendship of God, are nourished and strengthened by the Heavenly Bread, and abound with the most powerful aids for their eternal salvation. May the God of Peace, the God of all consolation, in His infinite tenderness enrich and fill with all these blessings those who truly yearn for them.

[1] Isaias xii. 3.

Surely, if the language of a Bull can be taken as any evidence at all of the motives that have prompted its issue, we must believe that Leo XIII. has been animated only by a stern sense of duty, and a tender feeling of sympathy for the aspirations of the Reunionists. Let us pass on, then, to consider the charges made against the Pope in respect of the Bull, which may be reduced to three headings—(1) that it is not the outcome of a *bonâ fide*, but only of a sham, inquiry; (2) that it has been dictated by considerations of policy, not of theological or historical truth; (3) that the reasons which it gives for its adverse decision are conspicuously worthless and ignorant.

Of these charges, the first, stated with more detail, is that the establishment of the preparatory Commission, on which the two sides were so equally and efficiently represented, was only a blind. The Pope wished, it is insinuated, to create the impression that he was about to weigh carefully the evidences for as well as against Anglican Orders, and the constitution and deliberations of the preparatory Commission were admirably adapted for this purpose. When, however, the case passed on to the Judges of the Holy Office, this pretence of deliberation was at once cast off, and endeavours were confined to the task of drawing out some sort of colourable defence of the existing practice. One might have imagined that an insinuation so base would refute itself, and have felt inclined to leave it alone. It is made, however, not only by the lower order of controversialists, but even by responsible journals. Thus the *Guardian*:

> The Pope had not been asked by Anglicans to investigate the validity of their Orders. He had appointed the

Commission of his own free-will, and in furtherance, as was supposed, of that desire to reunite in some degree the separated portions of Christendom to which he has so often given utterance. On any ground but this the nomination of the Commission was unintelligible. It was suggested by no practical necessity. The traditional attitude of the Roman authorities on the question was well-established and well-known, and no individual case had presented any new difficulty. Consequently the belief that the step was taken in the hope of removing at least one obstacle to Christian union was at once natural and reasonable. The conclusion of the whole matter is one with which all Churches are unfortunately familiar, and none more so than the great Church of Rome. An inquiry undertaken in the interests of historical truth has been made to minister to the needs of practical policy. The aspect, as we cannot but believe, which the question ultimately assumed was not so much, Are Anglican Orders valid? as, What will be the effect in England of pronouncing them valid? We have no wish to say hard things of the Roman Catholic authorities in this country. We do not doubt that they were honestly of opinion that a Papal recognition of Anglican Orders would be injurious to the salvation of souls and the interests of true religion. They have yet to learn that these great ends will not in the long run be served by the presentment of the facts of history in the garb of ecclesiastical partizanship.

One wonders it should not occur to these irate critics that a Pope who is universally recognized to be a man of singularly high character and independent mind, one who has even incurred the reproach of being autocratic because he is so resolute in supervising and deciding every measure ultimately for himself—that such a Pope, after having begun with a thoroughness and impartiality which the critics themselves extol, is not likely to have undergone so sudden a lapse, and to have delivered himself over blindly and fatuously into the hands of men who by

supposition are conspicuous chiefly for the narrowness of their ideas and the insincerity of their methods. After all there are such things as psychological impossibilities, and this would seem to be one of them.

Probably no facts, however clear, will avail to convince critics thus fiercely prejudiced ; but, as we are addressing ourselves directly to minds more open, we may ask them at least to notice that Leo XIII. assures us in the Bull itself that he did take pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with the facts.

It has, therefore, pleased Us graciously to permit the cause to be re-examined, so that through the extreme care taken in the new examination, all doubt, or even shadow of doubt, should be removed for the future. To this end We commissioned a certain number of men noted for their learning and ability, whose opinions in this matter were known to be divergent, to state the grounds of their judgments in writing. We then, having summoned them to Our person, directed them to interchange writings and further to investigate and discuss all that was necessary for a full knowledge of the matter. We were careful also that they should be able to re-examine all documents bearing on this question which were known to exist in the Vatican archives, to search for new ones, and even to have at their disposal all acts relating to this subject which are preserved by the Holy Office—or as it is called the Supreme Council —and to consider whatever had up to this time been adduced by learned men on both sides. We ordered them, when prepared in this way, to meet together in special sessions. These to the number of twelve were held under the presidency of one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, appointed by Ourselves, and all were invited to free discussion. Finally, *We directed that the acts of these meetings, together with all other documents, should be submitted to Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the same Council, so that when all had studied the whole subject, and discussed it in Our presence, each might give his opinion.*

Lower down in his letter he returns to the same point, and tells how the same careful and rigid method, under the same deep sense of responsibility, was continued to the very end.

All these matters have been long and carefully considered by Ourselves and by Our Venerable Brethren, the Judges of the Supreme Council, of whom it has pleased Us to call a special meeting upon the *Feria V.*, the 16th day of July last, upon the solemnity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. They with one accord agreed that the question laid before them had been already adjudicated upon with full knowledge of the Apostolic See, and that this renewed discussion and examination of the issues had only served to bring out more clearly the wisdom and accuracy with which that decision had been made. Nevertheless We deemed it well to postpone a decision in order to afford time, both to consider whether it would be fitting or expedient that We should make a fresh authoritative declaration upon the matter, and to humbly pray for a fuller measure of Divine guidance. Then, considering that this matter of practice, although already decided, had been by certain persons, for whatever reason, recalled into discussion, and that thence it might follow that a pernicious error would be fostered in the minds of many who might suppose that they possessed the Sacrament and effects of Orders, where these are nowise to be found, it has seemed good to Us in the Lord to pronounce Our judgment.

It is clear from this language that, if the insinuation now so confidently made in England were correct, it would be necessary to carry it further. For surely, on that supposition, the falsehood told by Ananias would be venial compared with the falsehood told in the above-cited words by Leo XIII.

There is also a further point bearing on this question of procedure, which has indeed been indicated by the translators of the Bull, but the signifi-

cance of which has not perhaps been as yet sufficiently appreciated. The *Apostolicæ Curæ* differs from the recent Encyclical *Satis Cognitum* in this, that whereas the latter was a Brief, this is a Bull. That means that Leo XIII. wished to attach a special importance to its issue. Nor is it an ordinary Bull. It is one dealing, not indeed with a dogma of faith, but still with what is so closely connected with dogma—a dogmatic fact. As such it belongs to a class of Bulls in regard to which the Popes have always felt a peculiar sense of responsibility, and for the issue of which they have always felt the necessity of preparing themselves by the most persevering prayer and the most searching inquiries. This explains the *Feria V.* (Thursday) session of which the Bull makes mention. As the note to the English translation points out, the ordinary sessions of the Holy Office for the promulgation of its decrees are held on Wednesdays. A Thursday session is one held in cases of exceptional importance, and held in the presence and under the presidency of the Pope himself. The significance of such a session lies in this, that it transfers the responsibility for what is decreed in the fullest manner from the Holy Office to the Pope himself. Only two such Thursday sessions, we are informed on trustworthy authority, were held during the entire reign of Pius IX., and this is the only one that has as yet been held during the reign of Leo XIII. How incredible, therefore, must it be that the anxious weighing of evidence, deemed to be so necessary in the case of every dogmatic Bull, was dispensed with in the present instance, in which nevertheless we are assured by

our irresponsible critics that Leo XIII. lent himself to be the subservient mouthpiece of Cardinal Vaughan.

The second charge above stated, that motives of policy, not considerations of theological or historical truth, have dictated the Bull, may be dismissed with a very few words. What has been said in answer to the first charge is likewise an answer to this, and the ground on which the second charge was based—the misrepresented purpose of a certain document drawn up last June by Canon Moyes and Dom Gasquet—is now known to have been fictitious. Mr. Lacey presented to the Cardinals, just as they were about to commence their investigations, a highly misleading version of Anglican history, entitled *De Re Anglicana*. It was necessary to correct its gross errors, and it was with this object, and this alone, that the two Catholic writers drew up the above-mentioned treatise.[1] To suggest, as has been done, that the contents of this criticism on the *De Re Anglicana* were offered and accepted as the grounds, and the exclusive grounds, on which the condemnation of Anglican Orders turned, was most unscrupulous.

We can pass now to the third of the above specified charges, the charge against the Bull itself of containing arguments oft refuted and palpably of no value. On this point the Anglican critics profess themselves elated.

> Indeed [says the *Guardian* of September 30], Leo XIII. has himself gone out of the way to blunt the point of his own weapon. Had he declared Anglican Orders invalid without giving his reasons, it might have been supposed

[1] Translations of both documents have been published in full in the *Tablet* (November 7, 14, 21, 1896).

that he had been led to his decision by the examination of new evidence or by the irresistible reasoning of unnamed experts. But he has given his reasons. He has traced out for us the method by which he has arrived at his conclusion, and so enabled us to test its soundness for ourselves. The result is that one half of the arguments heretofore relied on by the assailants of Anglican Orders prove to have been quietly dropped, while those that remain are reproduced with scarcely more than a passing reference to the many and fatal flaws which candid Roman Catholics have themselves detected in them. How can a decree of this kind supply any ground for discouragement on the part of English Churchmen?

The *Church Times* of course follows suit in this allegation, and the Archbishop of York, in his Shrewsbury sermon, likewise harped on the theme. Archbishop Benson too has left behind him as a legacy a paragraph conceived in the same spirit:

> Infallibility has, happily, this time ventured on reasons. But the subject of Orders, as needful to a perfectly-constituted Church, has been as jealously scrutinized in England as by Rome, and with much more knowledge of the facts. Authorities of theirs have till lately, at any rate, taught mere ludicrous fables about English Orders, and the late Papal document exhibits ignorances of which their own scholars and critics are as well aware as we.[1]

If Archbishop Benson were still with us, we might have asked why it is that the superior knowledge of Anglican authorities is so imperfectly displayed in these extraordinary criticisms. But death has called him away whilst the pen that wrote these words was still wet; and in the presence of death let us think of him only with regret as one worthy of respect and esteem for his many excellencies of head and heart.

[1] *The Times*, October 22.

With the indictment against the Bull, however, we are constrained to deal: and, if there are any who are taken in by these over-confident assertions, let it be said at once that we Catholic writers who have given attention to the subject, have read all that Anglicans have written concerning it, and have studied all such needful documents as ancient and Oriental rites, see no reason whatever for inferring that the facts are less well known at Rome than in England. The Bull would rather suggest that they are known more fully and exactly there than here. Nor are we in the least degree dejected because infallibility has this time ventured on reasons. We are indeed surprised that reasons should have been given, for hitherto it has not been the custom for dogmatic Bulls so to assign reasons for their decisions. But Leo XIII., with characteristic boldness, has thought fit to introduce a new precedent. It was because he credited the Anglican Reunionists with a desire for truth, and hoped they might, if he pointed out to them the grounds of the Catholic practice, be moved to study them seriously. It was an amiable, but, as the result shows, an unfounded expectation. Still there the reasons stand, and we may trust that there are earnest souls who will be thankful for the guidance. Catholic students are, at all events, very glad to have them, for so far from finding them to be as palpably inadequate as our friends assure us they are, they find them most luminous and convincing.

Not, indeed, that they are new, for they are the very reasons on which we English Catholic writers[1]

[1] See, for instance, *Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders.* By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1s.

have always relied, and they flow at once from the generally accepted theology of the Sacrament of Orders in its application to the certain facts of English Church history. Still, since a few Catholic writers on the Continent considered that we were astray in our judgment, it is naturally pleasing to find it sanctioned by the judgment of the authority to which our Lord has confided the guardianship of the faith.

But it will be useful to run through these reasons again briefly, as they are presented to us in the *Apostolicæ Curæ*, and, whilst doing so, we will keep in view the criticisms to which they have been subjected by the *Guardian* and *Church Times*.

The Bull tells us that it was deemed proper to ascertain first what had been the nature and origin of the past directions and practice of the Holy See in regard to the treatment of Anglican Orders. Even on this point there had been some controversy—certain persons thinking that the Holy See had never thoroughly investigated the matter, but that the existing practice of treating them as null did not go back to the days of Pole, and had been motived only by inaccurate information supplied from England. The result of this first stage of the inquiry, the Bull informs us, was to make it quite clear that from the beginning these Orders had been rejected, and rejected after due inquiry; also that on several subsequent occasions the matter had been made the subject of fresh investigation, which had invariably resulted in giving fresh sanction to the previous practice and the grounds on which it rested. The first of these two points, the nature of the action

taken by Pole, with the sanction of Julius III. and Paul IV., required to be determined by a study of the documents sent up by Pole to Rome, of the faculties issued from the Holy See to Pole, and of those subdelegated by Pole to the suffragan bishops, and, since *consuetudo optima legis interpres*, by the practice which thence arose. From several passages in these various instruments, we see that a certain class of Orders were treated as null and requiring to be repeated, and that these are described as Orders given according to a form other than the "accustomed form of the Church." This other form could only have been the Edwardine rite, for there was but that one other competing rite at the time in use in the country,[1] whilst, as the Bull says, the faculties granted to Pole had regard, not to abstract possibilities, but to concrete cases. And, be it remembered, these conclusions as to the meaning of the said instruments are those reached not merely by certain English Catholic students, but also independently by Roman experts thoroughly familiar with the style of Papal letters. Indeed, the experts, as an article in the *Tablet* for October 17 testifies, were able, with their technical knowledge, to go beyond the English students in detecting in the Marian instruments a judgment adverse to the Edwardine Orders.

From among the many later re-investigations,

[1] Or if it be said that the rites in use among the Calvinist worshippers at Austin Friars, or elsewhere, were deemed of sufficient consequence to be examined at Rome, the answer is that the Papal and other Letters, by their negative phrases, exclude as invalid whatever other rites were in use at the time in England, save only the ancient and accustomed "form of the Church."

the Pope singles out two for mention, and dwells specially on one of them, the case of James Gordon, formerly a Scotch Episcopalian bishop, who became a Catholic and desired to enter the ranks of the clergy. The case came under the notice of the Holy Office in 1704, and it has been long known that a Decree declaring the invalidity of his Orders (which had been conferred by the Anglican rite) was given on April 17 of that year. It was not, however, so well known what were the grounds of the decision and the character of the investigation by which it was preceded. The text of the decree as given by Le Quien is imperfect and misleading, and the text copied for Canon Estcourt by some official of the Holy Office is less misleading indeed, but is still imperfect. Now that the archives of the Holy Office have been searched, it has been discovered that the investigation was most searching and thorough. The *Apostolicæ Curæ* itself tells us of what kind it was. "No safeguard which wisdom and prudence could suggest to insure the thorough sifting of the question was neglected." The decision did not rest on the Nag's Head story, as had been alleged by some, nor even on the questionable character of the Lambeth ceremony, but solely on the sufficiency of the Anglican rite. A copy of this was made the basis of inquiry, and it was "collated with other Ordination forms gathered together from the various Eastern and Western rites." Opinions also were obtained not merely from the Consultors of the Holy Office, but also from "the most eminent doctors of Sorbonne and Douai." Leo XIII. also instructs us that the decision, which was itself, like

that more recently given, a *Feria Quinta* decision and was unanimous, in no way turned on the omission of the Tradition of Instruments, but simply on the inadequacy of the form.

Such having been the nature of these previous investigations, what wonder that Leo XIII. goes on to say that, had it been more generally known, no Catholic writer would have continued to regard the question as still open? We might also have expected the Pope to add that, after such a thorough previous sifting, it would have been superfluous to undertake another now. This, however, is just what he does not say. On the contrary, he tells us he determined "that the Anglican Ordinal, which is the essential point of the whole matter, should be once more *most carefully* examined," and that because he "deeply and ardently desires to be of help to men of good-will, by showing them the greatest consideration and charity." It is a pity that these words should have escaped the notice of the Anglican leaders, for otherwise they would surely not have told their people that the Pope, finding the question to have been already settled, declined to let it be re-opened.

The way for further inquiry being thus prepared, the Bull next explains to us the theological principles on which the decision has turned. It has been noticed that, as in 1704, so now, the insufficiency of the Edwardine rite itself has been the only ground of nullity entertained, and that the doubts about Barlow's episcopal character and other features of the history of Parker's consecration have been passed over. From this omission a false inference has been

drawn, for it has been assumed to be an omission which means rejection. "One half of the arguments heretofore relied upon by the assailants of Anglican Orders prove to have been quietly dropped," says the *Guardian*, and the *Church Times*, in its coarser style, says: "About these rags of controversy the Bull is silent. They are not indeed repudiated. Such a tribute to historic truth would indeed be out of place in this document, but they are quietly suppressed. Of Barlow there is no mention. The doubts that were cast upon Parker's consecration are obscurely alluded to, only for the purpose of denying that they ever had any influence on the practice of the Roman Church." The simple answer to all this is, that these other arguments are not touched because the only question on which they bear did not require to be examined. There are two questions, one, "whether Anglican Orders are certainly invalid," the other, "whether they are not at all events probably invalid." Obviously the second of these questions could not come to the fore until the first had been answered in the negative, which did not happen. And yet it is on the second of these questions only that the doubts about Barlow and the Lambeth ceremony turn, for we have not urged them as more than doubts, although the doubt about Barlow is a very serious doubt, and one that seems to increase with each advance of research.

What, then, according to the Bull, are the grounds on which the rite has been pronounced insufficient? Here we must suppose our readers to have the text of the Bull before them, and we shall confine ourselves to such observations as, in view of the strange

misunderstandings which have arisen, will give the clue to its intended meaning. The argument is drawn from the essential character of a sacrament. A sacrament is an outward sign of the invisible gift which by Divine appointment it has the power to convey to the soul. Hence it must signify the gift, and signify it *definitely*. To signify definitely is a phrase quite familiar to Catholic theology, and it is most important to understand what it means. To signify definitely is not the same as to signify clearly, and does not necessarily involve an enumeration of the powers contained in the gift. To signify definitely is to signify with such precision as to differentiate and discriminate the gift imparted from other things. The question therefore to be determined is whether the Anglican rite attains to this definiteness of signification; that is to say, whether it definitely signifies the "order of the priesthood," or "the power of consecrating and of offering the true Body and Blood of the Lord" in the Sacrifice of the Mass, so as to discriminate it from the power to make a mere "bare commemoration of the Sacrifice offered on the Cross;" for the Council of Trent[1] has defined that the Mass is itself a Sacrifice in renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, and not a bare commemoration such as the Lutherans and other Protestants held.

Transmitting the question whether Tradition of the Instruments is in any sense necessary, and pointing out that the definiteness of signification is to be sought in the *form* more than in the *matter*, the Bull first inquires whether the Anglican *form* is

[1] Sess. xxii., *De Sacrific. Missæ*, can. 3, and Sess. xxiii., *De Sacramento Ordinis*, can. 1.

by itself sufficient, and replies that it is not. The words *Receive the Holy Ghost*, it says, "do not of themselves definitely express the sacred order of priesthood," and here it must be understood to use the phrase, *Receive the Holy Ghost*, compendiously, for it is clearly referring to the entire form, as it stood before 1662—*Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins thou dost forgive*, &c., *and be thou a faithful dispenser of God's Word and His holy sacraments*. It is vain to say that these words suffice because our Lord used them, for it must first be shown that our Lord intended to confer then and there (not having conferred it previously at the Last Supper) the entire power of the priesthood, that is, the power of sacrifice as well as the supplementary power of forgiving sins. And if words are to count for anything he must be held to have had no such intention, for certainly the words, *Whose sins ye remit*, &c., do not in any way express the notion of sacrifice. Thus the Anglican form does not *of itself* "signify definitely" what has to be signified, and the addition made in 1662, cannot be cited as supplying the deficiency, since, whatever be its value, it was inserted too late.

The Bull, however, does not at at once reject the rite. It contemplates the possibility of a form, in itself indefinite, being determined to a definite signification of what is wanted by the context contained in the remainder of the rite, or even by the beliefs and intentions, otherwise made manifest, of the framers. This is an important point which the Anglican critics have not observed, and precisely on their non-observance of it, have they founded their sweeping charges of ignorance and incompetence.

It may be disputed whether any ancient form, even considered in itself, is as deficient as the Anglican. But even if one were, the question of importance on which the Pope insists is whether such a rite remains undetermined to a definite and suitable signification, even when interpreted by its context and surroundings.

As for the Anglican form, the Bull pronounces that it does not pass successfully through these extrinsic tests. The other prayers do not determine its definiteness in the direction of signifying a true priesthood, but rather the contrary; for they are prayers which are not only without mention of such a priesthood, but have been intentionally bereft of whatever phraseology bore that meaning. This, says the Pontiff, is the case with regard both to the rite for the priesthood and the rite for the episcopate. In each case, whilst the form itself is indeterminate, the context or other prayers of the rite determine it not to mean, but to avoid meaning, that a true priesthood is the gift conferred. Exception has been taken, as we know, to this conclusion, appeal being made to the use of the words *bishops*, *priests*, and *deacons*, in the Preface and in other parts of the Ordinal. Presently, it shall be explained where this exception falls short; for the moment it is enough to acknowledge its existence.

The surroundings, that is to say, the otherwise manifested opinions of those who drew up and imposed the Edwardine Ordinal, lead us, says the Bull, to exactly the same conclusion. "The history of the times is sufficiently eloquent as to the heresies of those men," precisely in regard to the two inter-

connected doctrines of the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacrament of Holy Orders. All who are acquainted with the literature of the time know how truly this is said. Cranmer and his party simply hated the Mass and the priesthood, and their undoubted object in substituting the new Ordinal for the old, was to abolish it and all its belongings. They professed, indeed, to be returning to primitive usage, but this meant merely that they had persuaded themselves that the Mass and the priesthood were corruptions of the primitive faith, so that this very profession is a proof of what they had in view when they took out of their new rite every phrase which seemed to them to express the hateful idea. Can the words of an Ordinal composed on these principles be deemed to signify the conveyance of a true priestly and sacrificial power such as the Catholic Church believes in? Most people, we fancy, who are not utterly dominated by prejudice, would agree with the Bull in answering, No. And if that was the original sense, stamped upon the Ordinal by the desires and intentions of its framers, it must be deemed, continues the Bull, "its native character, or spirit," a spirit which must remain inseparable from it, and prevent its being converted, in after-days, into a sufficient channel for the conveyance of a true priesthood, even when used by ministers whose ideas and intentions are more orthodox.

From the defect of *form*, Leo XIII. passes to consider the defect of *intention*, and from the outset he makes it clear that he is founding no argument on the hypothesis of purely internal withholdings of intention. The possibility of such withholdings does

indeed come up for consideration in the theology of the sacraments,[1] but it has no bearings on the value of Anglican Orders, nor have Catholic writers ever sought to apply it to them. If this particular aspect of intention has ever been imported into the controversy, it has been imported, not by Catholics, but by Anglicans, who, not understanding its nature, have imagined it supplied them with an effective *tu quoque*. The defect of intention which the Bull descries in the ministers of the Anglican sacraments (at least in the earlier ministers), is a defect of intention clearly manifested by their words and actions. In the administration of a sacrament there must be an intention in the minister conformable to its nature. Where, says the Bull, the Church's rite is used and seriously administered, such an intention is presumed. But where the Church's rite is rejected as superstitious, and another substituted, the intention presumed is adverse and destructive of the sacrament. It has been suggested that this argument, referring only to manifested intention, is a mere repetition of the previous argument from the circumstances under which the Ordinal was framed. There is, however, a difference. In the one case the intention of the framers of the rite is referred to, in the other that of the ministers who use it. Although the Pope does not expressly say so, he would presumably say that, if an Anglican holding Catholic views on Holy Orders were to use the Anglican rite, intending and showing that he intended it in a Catholic sense, there would be the invalidating defect in the rite itself, but not in the intention of the minister. Whereas,

[1] Cf. *The Doctrine of Intention.* Catholic Truth Society. 1d.

if this rite were administered, as for many years after its authorization it certainly was administered, by men whose sympathies were entirely with the intention communicated to the rite by the framers, the act of administration would be invalidated by a double defect.

Such, then, are the Pope's reasons, very different from those imputed to him by his critics, and very ably stated—although of course, the statement is confined to the principles themselves, and is not extended to a discussion of every difficulty arising out of them. For such lengthened discussions we look not to Bulls, but to theological treatises.

It remains to notice briefly the points which the Pope is supposed to have disregarded, thereby showing either his ignorance or his malice. It will be enough to speak of three.

1. He should have known, it is said, that certain ancient rites are not less destitute than the Anglican of reference to the sacrificial character of the priesthood, and yet these ancient rites are recognized as sufficient. It is not necessary to discuss the text of these ancient rites, for reasons given above. That they are so deficient in expressiveness as is alleged, may be questioned. But the point is, do they when interpreted by context and surroundings continue to bear an undefined meaning, still less contract an heterodox meaning? If there are any who say they do, these must be persons who do not themselves believe that the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is primitive. Take, for instance, the Abyssinian form, on the jejuneness of which Anglican controversialists lay so much stress. It is like all other Catholic

Ordinals incorporated in the Mass for the day, and the Liturgies of the Mass used in Abyssinia (for there were several) are as pronouncedly sacrificial as can be found anywhere.

2. He should have known that, even if Cranmer's object in imposing the Edwardine rite was to give expression to his rejection of the true priesthood and sacrifice, Cranmer and his allies were not the only members of the Episcopate. There were other bishops more Catholic in their sentiments. Why should not the Ordinal be interpreted by their views as much as his?

This objection assumes a good deal more than can be granted. The concurrence of the Edwardine Bishops in imposing this or any other ecclesiastical measure was very slight. But, transmitting this point, we must deny that it makes any difference what were the views of those less Protestant-minded Bishops. The Ordinal was composed by Cranmer and others in entire sympathy with him, and there is no doubt what his purpose was in making the substitution. As for the rest, inasmuch as they yielded to him, so far as to accept his rite, they must be held to have accepted it for what it was, with all its defects of form and intention.

3. He should have known that the Preface of the Ordinal distinctly announces an intention to retain the triple hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons, such as they had ever been "from the Apostles' times," and that Cranmer and others are known by their writings to have been opposed, not to the doctrine of a priesthood and sacrifice, but only to certain errors which had gathered round it. This is

a point on which much stress is laid by Mr. Puller in his Church Historical Society tract,[1] quoting passages from Cranmer, Jewell, Bilson, and Andrewes to sustain the contention.

It would require much space to deal fully with this plausible theory,[2] but a very few words will suffice to show where it falls short. It is not to be expected that the Holy See will allow itself to be influenced by mere words. It will ask for their meaning, and go by that. Now, although the Anglican Ordinal speaks of a triple hierarchy and takes over and employs the terms, *bishops*, *priests*, and *deacons*, which were in use from time immemorial in the Catholic Church, there is sufficient evidence to show that it meant by these terms something essentially different from what the Catholic Church has always meant by them. The excision of all sacrificial language in the body of the rite is in itself a proof of this, for unless its authors were rejecting the doctrine, why should they have been so studious to do away with its expression? Hence when the Preface says that it intends to retain Orders such as they have been "from the Apostles' time," this must be merely because its authors ascribed to the Apostles' times a doctrine which the Apostles never held, and which is heretical. By these terms the Catholic Church understands the three grades of a hierarchy of which the primary function is sacrificial, and of which each grade receives for this purpose an interior and mystical consecration. By the same terms, Cranmer and his associates meant a triple

[1] *The Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ."*

[2] But cf. *Reasons for rejecting Anglican Orders*, pp. 74—90, where the beliefs of Cranmer and his associates are discussed at greater length.

hierarchy of ministers who neither claimed nor believed in any such interior consecration, but deemed the notion superstitious and abominable. Why, then, it may be said, if they were rejecting the ancient doctrine, did they preserve the ancient terms? It was because the necessities of their position required it. They needed some species of justification for their proceedings, and they sought it in the pretension that they were returning from the bondage of later corruptions to the purity of primitive observance. Whilst advancing such pretensions, they felt the desirability of not abolishing a nomenclature which stared them in the face when they opened the volumes of the Fathers.

It was in this mind too that they professed to have retained in some way or other the use of sacrifice. They were taunted with the frequent references to an abiding sacrifice in the Patristic writings, and they had to find some place in their system for the name, even whilst abolishing the reality which it had hitherto designated. And again in this mind they endeavoured to keep the word "real" in connection with the Presence and the Eating of our Lord's Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist, although their doctrine was a doctrine of Real Absence and of merely figurative eating.

The result of this peculiarity of their religious position is that, when we open the works of these Reformers, we find them ever expressing themselves in ambiguous and equivocal language. Hence an unwary reader will be deceived by passages which seem to mean Catholic doctrine, through not suspecting that presently other sentences will follow seeming

to say just the opposite. It is thus that Mr. Puller has been caught in his quotations in the above-mentioned tract. If any one will take the trouble to look them up, he will find that they are all delusive in the way described, but it would be impossible to examine them all here, and it must suffice to select two instances as specimens. Let us take Jewell and Andrewes.

Harding had charged the Protestant party with having "abandoned the external sacrifice and priesthood of the New Testament," and Jewell responds thus, as Mr. Puller truly says: "Untruth. For we have abandoned neither the priesthood nor the sacrifice that Christ appointed."[1] This seems direct enough, though the final phrase "that Christ appointed" already causes us to suspect. But lower down comes the following passage, and let the reader ask himself whether a Catholic would have dreamt of responding to the charge in such a manner:

> Have we no external sacrifice, say you? I beseech you what sacrifice did Christ in His Apostles ever command that we have refused? . . . We have the sacrifice of prayer, the sacrifice of almsdeeds, the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the sacrifice of the death of Christ. We are taught to present our own bodies as a pure, a holy, and a well-pleasing sacrifice unto God, and to offer unto him the burning oblation of our lips. These be the sacrifices of the Church of God. Whoever hath these we cannot say he is void of sacrifice. Howbeit, if we speak of a sacrifice propitiatory for the satisfaction of sins, we have none other but only Christ Jesus, the Son of God, upon the Cross.[2]

Andrewes is quoted twice by Mr. Puller, but the passage on which he lays most stress is this: "The Eucharist ever was, and by us is considered, both as

[1] iii. p. 320. Parker Society's Edition. [2] *Ibid.* 336.

a sacrament and as a sacrifice."[1] Andrewes is the one among the early Anglican divines to whose beliefs and writings modern High Churchmen appeal with the greatest confidence, and the passage quoted is deemed by Mr. Puller so clear and conclusive that he prints it in italics. We can therefore regard the passage as representing the high-water mark of early Anglican views about a Eucharistic Sacrifice. Let us see, then, what it comes to.

The circumstances under which it was written need to be remembered. Cardinal du Perron, in the over-sanguine hope of converting James I., had written him a letter in which he shows, by detailed reference to the Fathers, how different was the teaching of the Primitive Church from that of the Church over which James I. presided. In regard to the point of sacrifice, he writes thus:

> [The primitive Church was] a Church which believed the Eucharist to be a true,[2] full, and entire sacrifice,[3] succeeding of itself alone to all the sacrifices of the Law;[4] the new oblation of the New Testament,[5] the external worship of adoration among the Christians; and not only a Eucharistic sacrifice, but also a propitiatory sacrifice, by the application of that of the Cross;[6] and which [Church] in this quality offered it both for communicants and non-communicants, for the living and for the dead.[7]

James I. handed du Perron's letter to Andrewes to be answered, and it is not unreasonable to think that Andrewes found himself in a very tight corner, particularly in regard to such passages as the above.

[1] *Minor Works*, p. 19. Edit. 1854, Oxford.
[2] Cypr. ad Cæc. Ep. 63.
[3] August. *De Civ. Dei*, xvii. 20.
[4] Iren. iv. 32.
[5] August. *Contr. Faust.* xx. 21.
[6] Euseb. *De Vita Constant.* iv.; Cyrill. Hier., and others.
[7] Chrys. in 1 Cor. Hom. xli.

With its Patristic citations before his eyes, it would have been suicidal to admit that the Anglican Church recognized no Eucharistic sacrifice, and thus he was constrained by sheer stress of circumstances to protest that—

1. The Eucharist ever was and by us is considered both as a sacrament and as a sacrifice.

But why did Mr. Puller make his quotation stop here? For Andrewes continues—and let the correspondence of his clauses with those of du Perron be noted:

2. A sacrifice is proper and applicable only to Divine worship. 3. The sacrifice of Christ's death did succeed to the sacrifices of the Old Testament. 4. The sacrifice of Christ's death is available for present, absent, living, dead (yea, for them that are unborn). 5. When we say "dead," we mean it is available for the Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and all (because we are all members of one body). These no man will deny. 6. In a word, we hold with St. Augustine in the very same chapter which the Cardinal citeth, that "the flesh and blood of this sacrifice before the coming of Christ was promised through victims of similitude; in the passion of Christ, was given through the very truth; and after the ascension [is given] through the sacrament of memorial.

Such is the doctrine of the highest of the early High Churchmen, differing little, if at all, from the doctrine of Calvinists like Cranmer and Jewell, and little, too, it must be acknowledged, from the doctrine enunciated in recent Anglican episcopal utterances; but differing very much indeed from the doctrine taught in these days from Ritualistic pulpits, and still more from the venerable doctrine of the Catholic Church. It amounts, in short, merely to this, that

in the Lord's Supper is made "a bare commemoration of the Sacrifice of Calvary," and that is precisely what the Bull sets down as the antithesis of the true Catholic notion of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Since, then, Bilson and Field, the other divines cited by Mr. Puller—and Cranmer, the author of the Ordinal, still more conspicuously—speak the same language, we may say with truth, inserting a "not" in one of Mr. Puller's sentences, that these "representative names" "all with one accord bear witness to the fact that the English Church had [not] retained the priesthood and sacrifice."

The quibbles of these sophists are not always so easy as this to unravel, but there is a test which will usually prove satisfactory. Any true belief in the Priesthood implies a true belief in the Real Presence, and in the Eucharist as being a true external Sacrifice, not merely, as the Bull says, a bare commemoration of the Sacrifice of Calvary. Thus these doctrines are closely bound together. Again, a true belief in the Priesthood involves belief that it is a gift special to the priest, not enjoyed equally by the laity: a true belief in the Real Presence carries with it by necessary consequence the practice of adoring our Lord present on the altar: whilst a true belief in the Sacrifice of the Mass involves the belief that it is good to hear Mass, even if one is not prepared to go then and there to Communion. The High Church Anglicans themselves illustrate this in their present efforts to restore these usages. But, if we try the writings of the Anglican Reformers by these three tests, we shall always find their Protestantism come out clearly and

unmistakably. We shall invariably find them insisting that the priesthood of the laity is equal to that of the minister; that adoration is only to be offered to our Lord as in Heaven, by no means as present on the altar; that solitary Masses are an abomination in the eyes of God. We are speaking of the Reformers, that is, of the early Anglicans, in whose generation the new system was established. Substantially the same might be said, as Cardinal Newman has testified,[1] of the Anglican divines generally down to the present century, although unquestionably there was some slight doctrinal advance in the Caroline period. This, however, does not concern us. By that time the character of the Anglican ministry had been irretrievably determined for better or for worse.

So, then, Leo XIII. has not acted with an insufficient sense of responsibility, or with an inadequate acquaintance with the facts, but has given us the results of a most searching and conscientious investigation, undertaken in the spirit of fervent charity. What then? May we not say to those whose hearts aspire after Reunion, and whose minds are not utterly dominated by prejudice: "Will (you) . . . not be inspired by such words coming from one so close to the confines of another world, and . . . allow Leo XIII., before his departure hence, to see some fruits of his earnest and persevering efforts on behalf of the peace of Christ, and the welfare of the children of God on earth?"

[1] Preface to Hutton's *Anglican Ministry*.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

It was before the days of railroads and penny posts that one morning the well-known postman's knock resounded through a poor but tidy little house in F——, and was answered by a grave-looking widow woman. She duly received a letter, for which sevenpence had to be paid, and marvelled much in her own mind as to who her good master's correspondent could be. For Mary had been half a lifetime in that master's employ, and knew all his ways, and the handwriting of all his friends; and a letter in those days was a rare thing—to be thought over and wondered at before the seal was broken. Just then her master's bell rang, and she hastened up the little stairs into the priest's parlour.

"Here's a strange letter for you, Father, and sevenpence to pay—did one ever hear the like? And it's on that furrin paper too, so that it will be hard to read the writing on't," continued Mary, as she endeavoured to busy herself about the room, pretending to dust first this chair and then the other, so as to gain time, in hopes that her master would indulge her curiosity as to the writer.

But the good old priest took the letter quietly, and having read the first few lines and seen "Private" written on the top, disappointed his old servant with the words:

"Thank you, Mary, that will do. I rang for some coals; you can bring them, and leave me. I am busy."

Mary retired, somewhat crestfallen, to her kitchen, muttering to herself, however, "He'll be sure to tell me by-and-by, if it ain't about anything confidential like. I know his ways:" while her master, drawing his chair nearer to the fire, and putting on his spectacles, proceeded to read the important document. As we are more behind the scenes than poor Mary, we will give its contents to our readers:

"Private.

"Rev. Sir,—Your services are earnestly entreated on behalf of a case where spiritual aid is urgently required. Let me implore you to start without a moment's delay, and come to the Victoria Inn at C——, where a man lies at the point of death. For the love of God come at once.

"Your faithful servant,

"Ralph Selwood."

The letter was dated the day before. What might not have happened since? In a moment the parlour bell rang violently. The scared Mary rushed in to answer it.

"What time does the coach start for C——?" exclaimed Father Penrose.

"At ten o'clock, Father; but surely you ain't agoing to think of stirring out to-day with your bad cold, and in all this rain and sleet? It would be sheer madness, sir, begging your pardon for speaking so bold."

"Cold or no cold, I must go," replied the priest

calmly. "So be so good as to tell William to run to the office and take my place."

And Father Penrose hurried into his bedroom to make the necessary preparations for his departure.

Now, it was not from any feelings but those of the highest charity and duty that the good old man had at once made up his mind to exchange his comfortable fireside for the cheerless stage-coach which alone could bring him to the dying soul who claimed his aid. He hated travelling; he hated strangers, or anything that forced him out of his usual routine of quiet home duty. Moreover, he had been seriously ill that winter, and was only just beginning to get about again; and the day itself was enough to discourage any one—such a hopeless, steady downpour of rain and snow, with a bitter easterly wind.

Father Penrose shuddered as he looked out; but he never hesitated. The wording of the letter was peculiar, but the words themselves seemed to appeal to something within him which he could not resist. "Strange," he muttered to himself. "How could they know anything about me? 'Ralph Selwood?' I never heard the name before in all my life. Who can he be? Well, well, I shall know by to-night, I suppose. Anyhow, it's a call one can't disobey." And so saying, he muffled himself up in his greatcoat, seized his umbrella and little travelling bag, and almost sternly disregarding the entreaties of his housekeeper that "he would, at least, take something to eat with him," walked as fast as the wind and snow would permit to the coach office.

The coach was to start in a few minutes, so he lost no time in ensconcing himself in a corner of the cramped and uncomfortable vehicle, which already contained three other passengers In the days of which we are speaking the sight of a Catholic priest was rare, and so Father Penrose had to bear the somewhat hostile scrutiny of two out of the three persons with whom the next seven hours were to be passed; and, although they did not speak, he felt keenly the social ostracism of his position. He was a man, as I said before, of a quiet, retiring disposition, more fitted, perhaps, for a cloister than for the arduous work of a secular priest; and nothing but a higher love could have dragged him away from his presbytery. However, he soon got over the momentary mortification, and proceeded for the next half hour to read his breviary without interruption. The Office finished, he looked up and perceived that two of the passengers were fast asleep, and the third, a young man of about two-and-twenty, was watching him with a peculiarly inquiring expression.

"May I look at your prayer-book, sir?" he exclaimed, as soon as he caught the priest's eye.

Father Penrose handed it to him with a smile, and after a few moments entered into conversation with him. He found him eager for information on all subjects connected with the differences between the Protestant and Catholic Church, which he had evidently studied carefully. This was just at the period of what is called the "Oxford Movement," that is, the first time since the Reformation when men were beginning dimly to

perceive the truths which three hundred years of heresy had hitherto veiled from their eyes.

In the course of the next stage there was a long, steep hill, and as the weather had cleared, the priest proposed to his young companion to walk a little bit, a proposal to which the young man gladly acceded.

After a few seconds' hesitation he summoned courage to say:

"You will wonder, sir, why I am so anxious to talk about all this; but the truth is, I am very restless and troubled just now, and I feel as if Providence had sent you on purpose to me to-day, when I never dreamt of meeting any one who could solve my doubts. I was praying earnestly for light and guidance a week or two ago, and a voice seemed to say to me, like St. Augustine, 'Tolle, lege'—take and read. So I took up my Bible and opened it at Luke i., and read the words, 'All nations shall call me blessed;' and then the thought struck me: In what Church is the Virgin called 'blessed'? Certainly not in mine; and so I have been more and more convinced that my position in the Church of England is untenable. But I am going to pay a visit a few miles hence, and we must therefore part when we next change horses. Where and when could I see you again? I feel I must get to the bottom of this, and find out the truth."

Father Penrose explained his present errand, but added:

"I shall be home in a couple of days, at latest. Here is my address. Come to me as soon as you can. I can give you a bed, and, I need not add, a hearty welcome."

The young man wrung his hand with some emotion, and soon after left the coach, while the good old priest went on his way rejoicing at having been made an instrument by his Master to win another soul for Him.

By six o'clock he came to his journey's end, and found himself in a small town by the seaside, where he had no difficulty in finding the little hotel to which he had been directed, as it was the only good one in the place. On giving his name to the waiter, he was at once shown upstairs to a room, where he was received with great cordiality by a lady and gentleman, who thanked him most warmly for his prompt obedience to the summons contained in the letter, said that they had had a bedroom prepared for him, and begged him, as soon as he had taken off his greatcoat, to join them at dinner, which was just ready.

Father Penrose accepted their civility with the same cordial simplicity with which it was offered; but at the same time could not help being very much surprised that no mention was made of the sick man, and no allusion whatever to the object of his visit. However, presuming that some change for the better had taken place in the condition of the invalid (a conclusion which the cheerfulness of his host and hostess helped to confirm), he said nothing about it during dinner, but joined in their conversation on general subjects, and found them well versed in the topics of the day, as well as in other matters. When dinner was over, the lady rose and left the room; and the gentleman, becoming suddenly very grave, spoke as follows:

"Sir, I sent for you to administer the last consola-

tions of religion to a dying man, and you will be surprised to hear that I am that person."

Father Penrose looked up at him in perfect astonishment. Seeing no sign of illness of any kind in his countenance, he thought he was labouring under some wonderful delusion, and was going to express the same to him as carefully as he could, when the gentleman continued:

"I only arrived from India a few days ago, and was landed here, as I was too ill to proceed any further. I sent for a physician whom I had known intimately years ago. He came down from London to see me, and informed me that my case (though the disease gave no outward sign) was, in reality, one of extreme danger, and that I might be carried off any day or any hour. Under these circumstances I felt there was not a moment to be lost if I would make my peace with God, and I could not be happy till I had sent for a priest, who would hear my confession, and give me the last Sacraments. For I am a Catholic, and have always been one, though I fear I have not practised my religion as I ought. My wife, unfortunately, is a Protestant, and she is not aware of the extent of my danger, which I have confided to you alone."

He spoke so quietly and gravely that Father Penrose began to feel there must be some foundation for this apparently strange conviction, but still thought it impossible that he should be so ill as he fancied, and imagined he was unnecessarily alarmed about himself. So he told him kindly that he would certainly hear his confession as soon as he pleased, but that he did not

think him ill enough to receive Extreme Unction. However, the gentleman persisted in his statement, and was so urgent in his entreaties that the priest said he would consider about it.

In the course of the evening Mr. Selwood made a general confession of his whole life with the utmost fervour and contrition; and then again renewed his petition that the last Sacraments should be administered to him. Unable any longer to resist his imploring words, Father Penrose prepared everything by his bedside, and finally gave him Extreme Unction.

After it was over, an expression of wonderful peace and joy passed over his face, and he composed himself as if to sleep. The kind old priest, much touched by the earnest piety of his penitent, sat on for a long time by his bed watching him, and still marvelling at the apparent healthiness of his countenance, and at his strength of voice.

Presently Mr. Selwood asked him to say the prayers for the dying, which he did; and then, after warmly thanking him, implored Father Penrose to go and seek the repose which he so greatly needed after his long and tedious journey. Seeing his penitent apparently comfortable and free from pain, Father Penrose consented, and, after a last blessing and absolution, rose and left him, promising to return early on the morrow.

He was very tired, and slept heavily in consequence, when, at six o'clock, he was aroused by a loud knocking at his door. On starting up to open it he found a servant, whom he recognized as Mrs. Selwood's maid, who implored him to come down immediately, as her

master had been taken suddenly worse, and she thought he was dying. The priest hurried down; but before he could reach the chamber all was over. Mr. Selwood was lying quite dead, but with the same expression of heavenly peace that his features had worn the evening before. So the priest felt that Our Lord had interposed to give the poor fellow the consolations he most needed, and had rewarded his faith by granting his heart's desire, sending His minister to help His servant in preparing for his last great journey.

His death, and the manner of it, brought about the conversion of his wife: while Father Penrose used to say that he never forgot the lesson which these remarkable events had taught him of the necessity of obeying at once the inspirations of God's Holy Spirit. Had either of them waited but one day longer, it would have been too late, and one soul (if not three) might have been lost eternally.

SOWING WILD OATS.

If there be one thing which makes me sadder than another, it is to hear men—aye, and Catholic men and fathers of families—say, lightly: "Oh! there's no harm in that young fellow. He must sow his wild oats sooner or later. He'll be all the steadier by-and-by, when he comes to marry and settle down."

And how do you know that he will live to "marry and settle down"? And even if he should do so, what has that "sowing" brought forth, save a crop of sins to be bitterly repented of; the ruin, maybe, of another eternal soul—if not of several; besides life-long remorse and very often permanently impaired health!

I will tell you a true story which will make you see why it is that I have such a horror of the saying, and perhaps it may serve as a warning to some of my readers.

A year or two ago I was staying with some Protestant friends at no very great distance from London, but in a place whence it was impossible to get to Mass even on days of obligation. The result was that on Saturday evening I begged leave to escape, promising to return, if possible, on the Monday, but determined to have a quiet Sunday in town.

Sunday morning came. Mass was over, and I was

sitting down quietly to breakfast, when my servant announced a person on urgent business, who was most anxious to see me without delay. I desired him to be admitted, and at once recognized the brother of an old Catholic friend of mine, who, however, was not himself a Catholic.

"I am so thankful to have found you!" he exclaimed as soon as we had shaken hands. "I was really in despair to know what to do, when, to my intense relief, I saw some of the shutters in your house open and rang, though with but a faint hope of finding you in town, now that the season is over and every one has fled to the north or the south."

"But what do you want me for?" I replied. "It is the greatest chance that I happened to be here; and I have only come up for the Sunday."

"I am in the greatest perplexity and distress," he replied. "A cousin of mine on Friday night, having just come from Goodwood with a lot of money, drove down to Richmond with a party—not of the best sort, I am afraid! Well, coming home in his dog-cart something startled the horse, and he shied over some stones and upset the trap, and my poor cousin was thrown out on his head and lost consciousness. They picked him up and carried him to a house near, and his friends had the wits to send for me. But when I came and fetched a doctor he thought so ill of him that I telegraphed for his mother, who was in the west of England. As ill-luck would have it, she has rheumatic fever, and can't stir; but his sister came up instantly by the night train, and has never left him since."

And here my young friend paused, and seemed evidently embarrassed how to go on with his story. At last he said:

"It's no use mincing matters or concealing the truth, otherwise you will not understand why I want you so urgently. The house where this poor fellow has been taken is a bad house—in fact, it can't be worse. His sister Agnes is young and very pretty; and I don't feel as if she were safe there for an hour if her poor brother were to die—and die I fear he will! Can you come to her, or get some Sister, or some one to help and nurse and watch, and be a protection to her? For God's sake do, if you can! I must go back to them. I have left her too long already," he added, rising and hurriedly nearing the door. "Will you, can you, help us?"

My answer, of course, was in the affirmative; and only stopping him for a moment more to write down the address, I called a hansom and went as fast as possible to secure the assistance of a couple of Sisters, who promised to join me at the house in an hour; after which I hurried to the direction given me in a back street in a very bad neighbourhood in the outskirts of London. I had no difficulty in finding the house, and on pushing open the door, a sight met my eyes which I shall never forget. The poor young fellow had been carried to a bedroom on the ground-floor, which opened with folding-doors into a sort of dining-room, fitted up with tawdry furniture. On the bed he lay—a handsome young fellow, with auburn hair and moustache; his sister, in a sort of dressing-gown, which

she had hastily thrown on when she arrived, with her beautiful long hair streaming down her back, was bathing his forehead with eau-de-Cologne, murmuring loving words to him the while, and totally unconscious of my presence. At his feet a girl, who looked about sixteen or seventeen, was chafing his already cold limbs and sobbing audibly. Her instinct, poor child, had told her what the sister's blind affection had failed to discover, but which I saw on the first glance—that he was *dead.* After waiting for a few moments, I gently went up to him and closed the open eyes. The action revealed the truth to poor Agnes, who, with a scream of agony, threw herself upon his breast and lavished upon him expressions of all the pent-up love and devotion of her whole life.

"It cannot be!" she exclaimed. "He cannot be gone, my darling—my only brother!"

I will pass over the next terrible hour. At last the Sisters arrived, and with the greatest difficulty I persuaded Agnes to unclasp her arms from around his neck, and come with me into the next room; while the good Sisters busied themselves with all the sad but necessary details of laying out the body, and putting the room into something like order. I tried to make poor Agnes a cup of tea, for I found she had taken nothing since her arrival on Saturday morning, but at first not a thing was to be obtained in that horrible place but brandy. Then by degrees I heard his history —how his father had died when he was quite a lad, and he had been the only son, and the idol of his mother and sister—how he had come into a good

property when he came of age, and had previously gone into the army.

"But then we almost lost sight of him," poor Agnes said, through her tears. "He used to come and see us now and then, and was very dear and affectionate; but somehow I felt as if we never got beyond the outside of him, and knew no more of his real life than if he were a stranger. And then he got a yacht, and went sailing about, and sometimes people told us disagreeable things about him, which used to make mamma very unhappy. But then my uncle used to laugh at her, and say: 'Why, Mary, you wouldn't have the boy a milksop, would you? He must sow his wild oats.' And so it went on, and he seemed further and further separated from us, and we had not even heard of his having come back to England till we got that dreadful telegram. And now it seems he was married, and we never knew it, and that he had become a Roman Catholic besides! He only knew me once," she added, sobbing, "last night, when I was bathing his head; and then all of a sudden he looked up and said: 'Darling, this feels like home.' After a few more minutes he asked me to send for a priest, but I didn't know what he meant, and there was no one to send. And then he lost consciousness again, and the only words he said after were: 'Be good to poor Lily, and take care of her for my sake.'"

All this time Lily, the girl I have described as chafing his feet, had sat crouched in a corner in a dumb sorrow and despair which were infinitely touching to see. I went up to her, and taking her cold hand, asked her tenderly how she came to be with him and

to know him. She looked up to me with a frightened, hunted expression of anguish.

"*Am* I not his wife?" she asked imploringly. "He always said I was; but sometimes lately I have doubted, in spite of this ring," she added, looking down on the third finger of her left hand. "I am the daughter of a shipbuilder at C——, where his regiment was quartered. I had a very happy home, and was very well brought up till I was about twelve years old, when my poor mother died; and then, unhappily for us, my father married again, a horrid woman, who was most cruel to us all. My eldest sister married and got out of her way; but I was fourteen or fifteen, and one day, in a rage, she turned me out of doors, and dared me to come back. And I went into the Park, and was crying my heart out on a bench, when *he* came up to me, and asked me what was the matter. And I thought his face so good and kind, that I told him everything; and he was very sympathizing, and at last he said: 'Come home with me, my poor child, and I will take care of you.' And I did, and after a time he gave me this ring, and said I was his little wife; but we never went to any church for it. He said it wasn't worth while. Then when he sold out of the army and got the yacht, I went with him, and we went to different places abroad. And he always introduced me as his wife. And he was always so loving and good to me!" with which words the poor child burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"And what made you say he was a Catholic?" I asked, when her agony had a little subsided.

"Because he always went to Mass," she replied, "when we were abroad, and he always wore a crucifix and a medal round his neck—it's there now," she added, pointing to the next room. "And oh! if I had known where to find a priest in the night, I'd have flown to fetch him; but when I asked the people of the house—they're horrid, I think, and I'm dreadfully afraid of them—they only jeered at me, and said that no priest would come to this house. What did they mean?"

How could I answer these two poor children, so innocent of evil in their different ways? If I had had any doubts of poor Lily herself, they would have been removed by her next words.

"Would you take charge of his money?" she asked. "He had won a lot at Goodwood, and it is in his coat here, all loose;" and so saying, she poured into my lap £370 in gold and notes! Clearly, this was no greedy adventuress calculating on having her money's worth, but a simple child, deceived by his very kind-heartedness and thoughtlessness into a union, unblessed and illegal it is true, but not impure in the sight of God. While I was thinking over her sad position, and much troubled as to what to do for the best, my young friend of the morning beckoned me out, saying: "Have you persuaded Agnes to go? She *must* not stay here!" I turned back to the sorrowing sister, and implored her to come home with me and rest at my house.

"What! leave him here to those horrid people? Never!" she exclaimed.

No entreaties of mine availed to move her in the least In despair I went back to her cousin.

"There is only one way," I said at last. "You must go to some undertaker's and get a shell, and move the body to the chapel in my house. If he is taken there, she will not hesitate to come also."

"You are too kind," he replied, and hurried off to execute my commission. But in a short time he returned, saying that he could not get any one to undertake the job; that it was Sunday, and they all said they couldn't get the thing done till the next day

"Stay with Agnes," I replied, "and I will go myself."

He did so; and I found my way to the nearest undertaker's, and knocked at his house. What was my astonishment when the door opened, and I saw before me a man whom I had known from a child, and who came from my old home!

"Is it for any one *you* are interested in?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I'd work all day and all night too, for you. The last time we met, ma'am—don't you remember?—was at my poor father's death-bed."

Blessing God for this most opportune and unexpected coincidence, I soon arranged everything with him, and came back almost joyfully to Agnes to announce my success and implore her again to come home with me, assuring her that the Sisters would watch by her brother till the undertaker came to move him to my house. It was likewise settled that poor Lily should go to a friend of mine at Hammersmith, to whom I

went, telling her a portion of her sad story, and asking her to receive her for a few days till we could see what could be done. Lily was very docile and gentle in her grief, and quite willing to go, provided she could attend the funeral, which I promised she should do.

Then the poor broken-hearted sister yielded, and came home with me. With difficulty I persuaded her to swallow some spoonfuls of soup and to go to bed, where she soon slept the sleep of utter exhaustion and sorrow Towards night the body arrived with my faithful friend, the undertaker; and was duly and reverently laid in the chapel, with flowers and lights. The next morning Mass was said for the poor soul thus hurried into the presence of his Lord, without having been permitted the supreme consolation of a priest to hear his last confession and absolve him from the sins and follies of his youth. Fervently did we pray that his wish to see a priest may have been accepted, so that he might have had the consciousness to make at least a good act of contrition. But how great the risk! how agonizing the doubt for those who loved him!

Here was a life wasted and gone—youth, fortune talents, all thrown away, simply from the fact that he was doing what other men considered justifiable and even praiseworthy—sowing his wild oats.

The end was sudden, and that end was *death*. God grant that it may not have been an eternal one!

THE BRIGAND CHIEF.

It was in the spring of 186—. Garibaldi's brigand hordes had effected a landing in Sicily, and after committing endless excesses had given place to the troops of the new King of Italy, who formally annexed Sicily to his dominions. From the first this beautiful but unhappy island was treated as a conquered country by its new rulers. On the plea of disaffection, every Sicilian was dismissed from employment in the public offices, and their places filled by a swarm of "Piedmontese locusts," as the people called them. Imagine such a state of things in England—if, all of a sudden, every clerk in every office, from the highest to the lowest, were thrown on the wide world without any sort of provision, and their wives and children left to starve or beg their bread—and you can fancy how gigantic the misery was. Many had grown old and grey in their country's service, and, never dreaming of a change, had made no savings whatever. These simply died of hunger in wretched garrets; the younger ones, in utter despair, "took to the road," as the saying is—that is, they organized themselves into a powerful and well-ordered band of brigands, living in the mountains, and levying a kind of blackmail on the inhabitants of the villas and palaces in the neighbourhood, who, to ensure

the safety of their wives and children, were very willing to pay a small monthly stipend, which was deposited in a well-known ruin at the foot of a mountain.

Not only were Government officials and their subordinates thus treated by their new rulers; all the silk looms were closed, which had given employment to hundreds of weavers, and French and Piedmontese silks were imported to take the place of the native fabrics.

On the new railroad, constructing from Palermo to Cefalù, and so on to Messina, the peasantry were turned off, and Piedmontese workmen imported in their place. What wonder, then, that the cry of the people waxed loud and strong, and that whole bodies of men *à spasso* ("at play," as we should call it) met in secret caverns to combine together, and tried to invent some remedy for such wholesale misfortunes? Affiliated to the Sisters of Charity, and working with them at the time in Palermo and its neighbourhood, I was an eye-witness to misery such as even London can rarely show; while all the sense of justice and fair play in one's nature was roused by the unmerited sufferings of these poor people. But it is of one particular case that I would now speak.

We were one day summoned by a ragged child to go and see an old man, who was said to be dying in one of the worst quarters of the town.

"We must take off our scissors," said the Sister to me, "before we go to Via—; the last time, mine were cut away from my side—it is a perfect nest of thieves!"

So encouraged, we threaded our way down some vile alleys till we stopped at a door where our little ragged conductor paused, and, pointing expressively to a window on the fourth floor, disappeared. Scrambling up the dirty stone staircase we pushed open a door, and there a scene of unusual misery presented itself. In one corner lay an old man, evidently a gentleman, whom a young girl was endeavouring to soothe with all the most loving words in the Sicilian vocabulary. In another corner of the same wretched room was a younger man lying on some maize straw, evidently in the last stage of decline. He was very handsome, with straight, regular features, and lustrous black eyes and hair.

Their story was soon told. The old man was, or rather had been, a professor in the University, dismissed like the rest, and suddenly thrown on the world with his family without a farthing. The younger one was his son, who had held a good situation in the post-office. Want had made him reckless, and in an attempt to undertake some manual labour, for which he was unfitted, he broke a blood-vessel, and rapid consumption had followed. The old professor, broken in health and spirits, having tottered out one day to try and hear of some daily tuition with which to support his dying son, was run over by the car of a procession and had his ankle-bone broken, which was causing him great agony.

Hastily writing down on a scrap of paper some medicines which were urgently required for both sufferers, I gave it to the girl, and told her to take it

to the nearest chemist, while I would await her return. The girl hesitated, and finally burst into tears and refused to stir. For a moment I was indignant, thinking that her refusal arose from the usual Sicilian pride of not choosing to be seen carrying the smallest parcel. But my momentary anger was turned into compassion when I found that it arose from her having neither shawl nor veil with which to go out or cover her head —a custom which is regarded as essential owing to the Oriental habits of the people. This poor child, nobly born, had pledged all for bread for her father and dying brother, and had literally nothing but what she stood upright in.

But there was a still deeper sorrow behind, which, by degrees, became unfolded to me. The eldest son, stung by his dismissal from a post in the War Office, and by the taunting words with which that dismissal had been accompanied, had gone off suddenly and joined the brigand corps in the mountains, from whence continual tales were brought of his prowess and valour, which had so greatly incensed the Government that a high price was put upon his head. A continual fear of his capture and execution haunted the unhappy family; and in the mind of the father, who was earnestly and deeply religious, was mingled the bitter feeling that, whatever might have been the provocation, his son was defying the laws of God and man by the life he was leading. Earnestly did he beseech me, should chance throw me in his son's path, to warn him of his danger, and above all to speak to him of his soul.

Weeks passed on, during which the son died; the father slowly recovered, and was removed to a more respectable part of the town; but he was still a complete cripple. The misery thickened, and our means of relieving it were still further diminished by the Government having decided to close the public dispensary.

This dispensary had been entrusted to the Sisters of Charity, and hundreds resorted to it daily to have their wounds dressed, or to be doctored by their loving hands. But medicines of all kinds were very dear in Sicily, and it was impossible for the Sisters to carry on the work unaided. In vain deputations waited on the Prefect and the Senate, and represented the urgent need of the suffering poor. Only one answer could be obtained, and that a negative one; and, finally, it was owing to the charity and liberality of the British merchants alone that this valuable institution was maintained. But to return to my story.

One morning, when we had been visiting some sick people in a village under the mountains, about three miles from Palermo, the Sister suggested that we should go into a neighbouring field to gather some mallow leaves, which are so useful for one of the "tisanes," or cooling drinks, universally given in hot countries. At one end of this field was a ruined barn, and at the door was a miserable-looking dog howling. I am fond of animals, and drew near to see if the poor beast was hungry; but on nearing the barn I heard distinctly the moan of some human being within, as if in great pain. Pushing open the door, which was half off its

hinges, I was horrified to find our poor old professor, whom we had lost sight of for some weeks, and who was lying on some leaves in a corner of this damp place, with a stone for a chair, and not even a broken cup in which I could give him the restorative of which he stood so greatly in need. We found that he had removed to this neighbourhood in hopes of getting tidings of his son; and having fallen sick in one of his many wanderings in the mountains in search of him, he had "crawled into this miserable shelter," as he said, "to die." But his physical suffering was nothing to his mental agony on behalf of his boy. He asked us to pray with him that his sufferings might all be offered up for the prodigal, that he might, at any rate, die in the grace of God.

We did not know how to leave him in this miserable place, yet the twilight was coming on—so short in those countries—and we were three miles away from home. Leaving him with all the comforts we could scrape together from our baskets, and promising to return on the morrow, the Sister and I hurriedly retraced our steps. Presently, as we were walking between two high walls, the Sister quickened her pace almost to a run. I was very tired, and professed myself unable to keep up with her. She replied:—

"Look behind!"

I looked, and saw three armed men following, and rapidly gaining upon us.

"Flight is in vain," I said to the Sister. "Let us turn round and face them, and ask them what they want of us."

We did so, when the elder of the three, courteously bowing, explained that our being out so late had alarmed the captain of their band, who could not depend on some of the new men who had lately joined their corps, and that he had ordered them to follow and escort us to the gates of the town.

"We will not incommode you in any way, ladies," added the speaker, "but you must allow us to guard you till we can feel assured of your safety."

We thanked them gratefully, and they accompanied us, keeping at a respectful distance behind all the while, until we reached the lights of the town, where we were met by the frightened Superior and a big mastiff called "Assassine," whose devotion to the Sisters of Charity was almost comical, and who generally accompanied us in our wanderings. Our volunteer guard, seeing us in good hands, smiled, bowed, and retraced their steps.

A day or two later, the Sister and I started off again, this time with our big fourfooted friend, to see after a burnt child in another village, about two miles from the one where we had left our poor professor. It was a painful case—it is so terrible to see a child suffer!—and after about half an hour the Sister asked me to leave her to watch by the little patient, and to go on to visit a poor man in the same village, whom we had found very ill with fever the week before. I obeyed, and on pushing open the long, low door which led to his hut, I found myself suddenly and unexpectedly in the midst of twelve or fourteen men, armed to the teeth, and sitting round a table evidently in consultation.

They sprang to their feet when I appeared, and surrounded me; but the words "*la sorella nera*" (the black Sister) were muttered by one of them, and they paused. I said quietly that I had come to seek a man whom I had left ill with fever; that I feared I had mistaken the door: and made excuses for my intrusion. There was a second's consultation in Sicilian among themselves, and then he whom I took for the leader of the band spoke as follows:

"Lady, you are well known to us, in spite of your dress; but we are sure you will not betray us. One of the leaders of our band has been badly wounded, and is, I fear, lying in a dangerous state a few yards from here Will you come and see him?"

I, of course, gladly accompanied him. One of the band whispered something about bandaging my eyes; but my friend, with an expressive motion, negatived the proposal, and led me by a tortuous path to what appeared the entrance to a cavern. Here he paused, and struck a light.

"You are not afraid?" he asked me.

I smiled, and followed him by the light of a pine-torch through a long subterranean passage, till we suddenly emerged into a wider space, with a kind of groined roof, of which the stalactites shone in the torch-light. In one corner of this space, on a rough couch, lay the wounded man. One of the brigands was holding a cup of some cordial to his lips, and wiping the death dews which were already gathering on his forehead.

The instant my eye fell upon him I felt who he must

be, from his wonderful likeness to his brother. It was the long-lost son of the professor! I drew near and knelt close to him, taking his hand, and spoke to him a few words, calling him by his name. He started.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed hastily.

"A friend," I replied; and then proceeded to speak to him gently and tenderly of his home, of his father, and dead brother, and of all the prayers which had been offered for him. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and, as well as his labouring breath would allow, he told me his sad history, and how he had been wounded in a skirmish with the king's troops the day before. I asked him to let me examine and dress the wound if necessary; but a glance sufficed to show me the hopelessness of the case, and that a priest was more needed than a doctor.

Now in this village there had been a house of the Christian Brothers, who had been immensely beloved by the people. The Government had banished them and closed their convent, putting in their place an apostate Garibaldian priest, who contented himself with a Sunday's Mass, when he poured forth a string of heresies into the ears of the frightened congregation. But a priest who had been with the Brothers had remained behind, concealed and maintained by the fidelity of his flock, and to him they resorted in secret for the administration of the Sacraments. This Fra Antonio and I were great friends, and to him I now wrote a few hasty lines, urging him to come immediately with what was necessary for a dying man.

I gave the note to the brigand chief, who stood as if waiting for me at the entrance of the cavern.

"Go at once and seek Fra Antonio, and bring him hither," I exclaimed. "His life is as much compromised as yours—guard him well—but, for God's sake, do not delay!"

The chief started at once, and I returned to my watch by the dying man. All of a sudden I recollected the Sister, who would be seeking for me everywhere. So, calling the other brigand, I begged him to give her my card, on which I had written an entreaty that she would go home without me, with Assassine; that I was safe, but could not leave a grave case; and that she was to let my family know that I should probably not be back for several hours.

Having done this, my whole thoughts were absorbed in my patient, to whom I began again to speak of his father, and then led him on to prepare for the awful change which I felt was inevitable. But my anxiety almost amounted to agony, when I felt how quickly that young life was ebbing away without any better spiritual help than mine. At the end of half an hour, which seemed to me interminable, a shadow again darkened the entrance of the cave, and my eye fell on the form of the good Frate.

"O God be praised!" I exclaimed, as I quickly rose and rejoined the chief in the dark passage, leaving the holy old priest alone with his contrite penitent.

And now another plan had developed itself in my mind, which I was anxious to carry into execution, and that was to bring the father and son together before

all was over. I took the chief into my confidence, and asked him if it would not be possible to procure a cart or carriage of some sort in the village, in which I could go and fetch the old professor. The chief shook his head, but after a moment's thought exclaimed:

"Stay! There's Pietro Bianconi; he's a good fellow, and I'm sure would lend me his cart at a pinch. But it's not very fit for you, lady," he added, doubtfully.

"Never mind that," I exclaimed. "Go and try to get it, and I will pay him handsomely; and make him put a quantity of straw at the bottom."

Returning to the cave, I found that the sick man had made his confession, and that I was wanted to assist in the preparations for the last Sacraments. An expression of great peace and calm had succeeded the anxious, harassed look which the poor fellow's face had worn the previous half-hour, and I blessed Fra Antonio again and again in my heart. The solemn service over, I knelt once more by his bedside.

"Oh, my poor old father!" he murmured, pressing my hand. "If I could only see him once more, and obtain his forgiveness!"

"Let us pray together that God may grant you this consolation," I said; "but still more, that God's holy will may be done."

In a few minutes the chief reappeared, and beckoned to me.

"The cart is here," he whispered. "Can you leave him?"

I got up hastily, and followed my guide. At the door was a kind of half-cart, half-carriage, with a

civil-looking driver. I asked the chief if he could spare me a man to go with us, to help me to lift the professor out of the barn and into the cart. He summoned at once a strong-looking young fellow, who scrambled up by the side of the driver; and the latter having received his directions, we started off.

After traversing a rough cross-road we struck into a better track, when the driver suddenly paused and listened.

"I hear the patrol; we must go round!" he exclaimed. And suddenly turning his horse, we plunged into a lane full of ruts and water, which the late rains had made almost impassable; but anything was better than falling into the hands of the troops.

This lengthened our way, and it was ten o'clock at night before we got to the field where the ruined barn was. Luckily it was a moonlight night, and we threaded our way without difficulty through the meadow and across a little bridge till we came to the poor professor's quarters. There was no need to knock, for there was no one to answer. The poor old man was lying on his bed, his hands clasped in prayer, and by his side was a copy of the "Imitation," which was his favourite book.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, when he saw me; "*you* here! at this hour?"

"I am come for you," I answered quietly. "God has answered your prayers; your son is found, and asking for you."

The old man sprang up, and began hastily to dress

as well as his trembling limbs would allow. But when he tried to walk his strength failed him, and he would have fallen had I not caught his arm.

"O my God, I cannot go!" he exclaimed, with a voice of hopeless misery.

"We will help you," I said cheerily, and summoning my companion, who had waited outside, we lifted him up; and the young fellow, declaring "he weighed no more than a baby," carried and safely deposited him in the straw of the cart by my side.

On our way back I told him gently of the state of his boy, dwelling more on his penitence and his anxiety for his father's forgiveness than on his physical sufferings and coming death. Tears of mingled joy and sorrow ran down the cheeks of the poor old man, and by the time we arrived at our journey's end he was comparatively calm and prepared for the meeting.

I concealed from him that which was my real terror all along—lest we should, after all, be too late! But God's mercy was greater than my fears; and on threading once more the tortuous path leading to the cavern, I had the joy of hearing that the poor fellow still lived—nay, that with the last flicker of the expiring flame, he was even stronger than when I had left him two hours before. I pass over the meeting.

"Father, forgive me!" was all the dying lad said, as his father fell on his neck, and their tears and kisses mingled as if he were once more a little child in his father's house.

The good old Frate was greatly moved.

"There is joy in heaven to-night," he whispered to me softly.

Soon the change came; a few struggles—a few deep breathings—and the spirit of the pardoned and penitent son had flown.

THE DRUNKARD.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

PERHAPS the most curious circumstance connected with the history of the following sermon is the fact that, previous to its publication, the substance of it was preached, amongst other places, in three different public-houses. Once at Appin, in the county of Cumberland, New South Wales: once at Bathurst, situated beyond the Blue Mountain Range: and once at Patrick's Plains, on the banks of the River Hunter. This was owing to the circumstance of our not having at that period any more appropriate place in which to assemble a congregation on the rare occasions of the visit of a clergyman, and to the great prevalence at that period of the vice which is here assailed. The permanent residence of zealous clergymen in every populous district and the introduction of temperance societies have since, may God be praised for the grace! wrought a marvellous change.

This sermon having been several times reprinted in these countries from the Sydney edition, and the venerable Apostle of Temperance [Father Mathew] having deemed it expedient to print a large edition for distribution at his personal cost, besides appending his recommendation to another, I take this opportunity of stating that I can lay no claim to its materials. It is, in great measure, drawn from St. Chrysostom. Hints, thoughts, and illustrations have

been drawn from every tome of the magnificent works of this Father for its composition. St. Basil has preached against the same vice with a power as great, and with a vehemence even greater, than St. Chrysostom, both in his homily on the subject, and in another homily on fasting. His language has been copied by St. Ambrose.

In the present edition the writer has introduced a passage he has sometimes used, conceived in that tone of ironic mockery which the prophets have so often used, and in which the Almighty Himself so terribly triumphed over and subdued the aspiring pride of our first parent after his disobedience. It is a style which, others failing, he has sometimes found successful in quelling the proud resistance of the heart against counsel, where, owing to habits of gross vice, it has become callous and impervious to other motives besides that terror of pride, calm and rational irony.

W. B. ULLATHORNE.

THE DRUNKARD.

"*He that is temperate shall prolong life.*"—Eccles. xxxvii. 34.

"*Let us cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light: let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness.*"—St. Paul to the Romans, xiii. 12, and Gal. v.

"*Take heed to yourselves, lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and that day come upon you suddenly.*"—Luke, xxi. 34.

WHAT is a drunkard? A Christian is one who follows and practises the virtues of Christ. An angel is a pure creature that contemplates and enjoys God. A man is a creature that thinks and reasons. A brute is a creature that follows its appetite indeed, but never goes to excesses beyond the bounds of order. What is a drunkard? I have gone through the whole of creation that lives, and I find nothing in it like a drunkard. He enjoys no happiness, like the angels; he is not preparing himself for happiness, like the Christian; he does not think or reason, like a man; he keeps not his appetite within the bounds of nature, like a brute. What then is the drunkard? The drunkard is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened.

This is not a subject on which we can be allowed to soften down the truth in our words until it becomes falsehood.

The drunkard is a self-made wretch, who has gratified the depraved cravings of the throat of his body, until he has sunk his soul so far that it is lost in his flesh, and has sunk his very flesh beyond comparison lower than that of the animals which serve him: a self-degraded creature, whose degradation is made manifest to every one but himself; a self-made miserable being, who, whilst he is insensible to his own misery, afflicts every one else with misery around him or belonging to him. He differs from the madman only in this—because the madman has not caused his own calamity, whilst this man has; because the madman is innocent, whilst this man is guilty. The madman is an object for pity, and compassion, and all the cares of humanity; whilst the drunkard is an object of ridicule, scorn, contempt; a butt for the world to play its follies at; a stock for the world's laughter; a ball for its game of mockery; a tool for the knave's cheatery and the harlot's wilery; an instrument in the hand of hell's malignity. The madman is placed in security; he can be guarded against injuring himself or others. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind, like some foul, ill-boding, and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust every thing that reasons or feels; whilst the curse of God hangs over his place, and the gates of heaven are closed against him.

"Be not deceived," says the Apostle; "neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor drunkards, shall possess the kingdom of heaven." It is not I, it is St. Paul, who classes the drunkard in such company, and shuts the gates of heaven against him. An outcast! the woes of heaven fall thick and fast upon him. "Who hath woe?" asks Solomon, "whose father hath woe? who hath contentions? who fall into pits? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink up their

cups." "Woe to you," says Isaias, "woe to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink until the evening to be inflamed. Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and are stout men at drunkenness. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkenness of Ephraim; the drunkenness of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot." Are not these woes written on the face of the drunkard? Are they not heard in all his acts? Knows he what he says, or what he says not? Has not prudence left the guard of his tongue? Is there any gate to his mouth, any bar to his lips? Are not the secrets of the past, and the follies of the present, and fetid fumes of the liquor, and the foul thoughts from the tempter, mingled together, and poured out upon all around him? The very animal powers sink under drunkenness. It darkens the senses, as well as the soul, and deadens the feelings, as well as the mind; weakens, stupifies, sickens, shatters the frame of the animal man, as well as the frame of the rational man; deprives him of God, deprives him of heaven, deprives him of honour, cuts him off from human respect, casts him away from the friendship of men, destroys his fortune, ruins his family, deprives him of himself, kills all his good here, and all his hope hereafter, and bloats his body with premature disease, to fatten the worms and enrich the rankness of the graveyard.

A holy Father has described this condition as truly as briefly. "Drunkenness," he says, "is a willing fury, a traitor of thoughts, a ridiculous calamity, a voluntary demon, a state worse than madness." Would you know how the drunkard is worse than the demoniac? We pity the tormented demoniac; we abhor the drunkard. We condole with the one; we are indignant and irritated at the other. The snares of an enemy have possessed the demoniac; his own counsels have possessed the drunkard.

With the demoniac he is driven about a slave by his possessor; with the demoniac he is fallen from his state of mind and manhood; with him he staggers, falls, rolls a disgusting eye, foams and exhales nauseousness. He is disagreeable to his friends, ridiculous to his enemies, contemptible to his servants, loathsome to his wife, scandalous to his children—odious to all. Whilst all that call him acquaintance are indignant, and all that call him friend are distressed; whilst his nearest relations are miserable, and his children are squalid from neglect—wretched, perhaps, from want of care—wicked from example; the drunkard sits in the house of crime, at the table of infamy, with his cup of weakness—his draught of poison—before him, and is there contending with his brother drunkard which shall most defame himself: which shall show the greatest folly, which shall exhibit the meanest baseness, which shall best shatter his nerves, and destroy his nature, and abuse and anger their common Lord and Creator.

St. Chrysostom has well described the effects of intemperance "Paleness, weakness, laziness, folly." Pale, hanging cheeks, red ulcered eyes, trembling hands, furious dreams, restless, distracted sleep: like murderers and persons of an affrighted conscience, so broken, so sick, so disorderly are the slumbers of the drunkard who wakes to misery. Show me a temperate man, and I will show you a prudent man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a prosperous man; show me a temperate man, and I will point out to you a wise man. For intemperance is the root of folly: intemperance is the seed of madness: intemperance is the fountain of uncleanness: intemperance is the well-head of injustice: intemperance is the poison spring of unbelief: intemperance is the stream where each

virtue drowns herself: intemperance is the cloud of fleshly vapour which rises over and darkens all the soul. "Wine," say the Proverbs, "is a luxurious thing, and drunkenness, riotousness. Whosoever is delighted therewith shall not be wise." "Wine drunken with excess," says Ecclesiasticus, "is bitterness to the soul." "The heat of drunkenness is the stumbling-block of the soul, lessening strength and causing wounds." Yes, lessening strength. There is an idea abroad that strong drink strengthens. Never was there a more fatal error. All stimulants to excitement, when taken to excess, strengthen at the moment, but leave the body weaker ever after. "Look not then," says the Wise Man, "on the liquor when it is yellow; when it sparkleth in the glass, it goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake, and spread abroad poison like a basilisk." Like the honey with the sting in it, both go down together. The sweetness soon leaves the palate, but the sting has only commenced its work.

See the drunkard begin, but watch him till he ends his career of intoxication. He has sat at table; he has filled his cups; he has invoked the companions of his guilty joy. His mirth has maddened into riot, then fevered into criminal passion, then lowered into obscene drivel, then sunk into stupor. He has uttered folly, and thought it wisdom; he has profused curses where he should have uttered blessings; he has poured out filth, and mistaken it for wit; the Christian has now lett the scene, and human nature is fast following him; reason fades away as folly grows more boisterous; the madness of folly glides off too, and stupidity remains the only companion of drunken insanity. The room reels; the table moves; the man has fallen away, and a beast lies in his place. And even this brute is dead, all but the throat and belly, and these are sickly. Like the banquet of Sisera, it ends with driving a nail

through a man's head. The very infidel, who in old times wrote against Christianity, could say this much of drunkenness—"That it knocks down the man, and nails him to the sensual intermixtures of the body."

What man loves to be despised? Which of you will endure patiently the contempt of another? And yet every drunkard crowns his head with mighty scorn. Putting himself beneath the lowest; degrading himself under the meanest. The boys laugh at him, children hoot him, and the criminal scorn him, as he is led home like the cripple, lisping the imperfect noises of an infant, or babbling with a full and spongy tongue, an empty head, a foolish heart. Woe and alas, God of heaven! Dare I appeal to Thee from amidst such a scene! Thy creatures, too! Whither has Thy image departed from them? To see a sensible man dishonour himself like the foolish; disgrace his friends like the impious; impoverish his family like the unjust; bring degradation on those who are dearest to him like the heartless; bring reproach on religion like the profane; destroy his body like the murderer, and his soul like the infidel; become an appellation of scorn and a scene of derision to all, and of forgetfulness to himself.. Where, O God, is Thy image in this man? Where, Divine Lord, are the marks of his baptism? Where, sacred heavens, are the features of your child? And call you yourself still a Christian? And name you yourself yet a man? Where then are the commands of the Gospel? Where the precepts of the Church? Where, even the laws of nature, the ties of humanity, and the instincts of self-preservation?

You have not gone so far, you are perhaps ready to tell me. You have not come to these excesses. Nor are you so abandoned, the heavens forbid, in your excesses. No. But you have made a beginning nevertheless. But you have already gone a certain extent—you feel yourself going

further. And where, and when did the drunkard ever stop, and say, "I will go no further," and did not go further: unless death, in compassion, destroyed him in the flower, before he had ripened into all those fruits which I have described? Drunkenness is a vice which the more it is indulged, the more the palate sickens and languishes, the less the appetite enjoys, from its satiety, the more it craves. Providence has kindly limited the possible extent of indulging this degrading habit, or it would never stop till it had, as far as possible, turned every thing salutary and healing in nature into the means of self-destruction.

You have not gone to all the excesses which the constitution of your nature will allow of. But you have sown the seeds of those excesses. The habit is already, perhaps, planted within you; it has reached a certain bulk; it is increasing; it is striking its roots deeper and broader; it is entwining its fibres more closely round your heart; you have no effectual will to stop its progress: it will allow of no check unless plucked out altogether; it will of itself make increase—the difficulty of rooting out the habit is weekly greater by its weekly growth. Nothing grows upon human nature like that most abject of its propensities, that most degrading of its habits—drunkenness. And is it not a law of our fallen nature, that the grossest and rankest productions grow most rife and abundant with the least care? If then you have not reached all those excesses, you are in the way of them; and your readiness to excuse yourself is the surest proof that you love the vice; and that, unless arrested in your career, by that cold hand which stops all our vices and brings them to their punishment, you will yet exhibit yourself a spectacle of all those excesses; deprived of the powers of body and mind; a mere living vegetable corruption; your soul dead and entombed within your body, and your body itself with only a few useless

organs left to be destroyed. Not in the grave indeed, but still on this side of it, only to infect and afflict everything near you with wretchedness.

And if the drunkard finished in his vice be such a spectacle before man on earth, what must he be to the just made perfect? What before those angels of light, who look down upon human deeds? What to the sacred eyes of Him who dying redeemed our wickedness? What, to the all-pervading contemplation of the omnipotent God? Will He not again at this spectacle be moved inwardly, and repent that He ever made man? And if He does not again send a deluge to destroy him here, will He not reserve him for the deluge of fire, which will not be quenched? "Do not err," says St. Paul, "neither fornicators, nor the servers of idols, nor adulterers, nor the unclean, nor thieves, nor misers, nor drunkards, nor cursers, nor plunderers, shall possess the kingdom of God." Into what a crowd St. Paul casts the drunkard! With the impure, with idolaters, with harlots, with adulterers, with cursers, with misers, with plunderers.

Some proud mind is ready to ask me, is the drunkard one with the impure? Is the drunkard one with the idolater? Do not object, O man! You have heard the Divine laws. Do not interrogate me. Ask the apostle, and he will still answer you, that both are equally shut out from the Kingdom of God. As this then is clear, why need you ask me to take measure of the enormity of your sin? As he stands without the gates, as he is excluded from the possession, as he is lost to salvation, as he is consigned to eternal torments; why need you reach to me the scales and weights to balance and show the proportion of iniquity between these vices? And why so anxious to ascertain the enormity of drunkenness, separate and alone, when it is never to be found alone, and unaccompanied by some,

if not all, this crowd of horrid crimes? Is not drunkenness the fertile mother in whose womb all those vices are engendered? Are they not the accursed offspring of this accursed parent? And shall not the mother-vice carry the curses of her brood? Go to the house of the drunkard. Consider his family. Look at his affairs. Listen to the sounds that proceed from the house of drunkenness, and the house of infamy, as you pass. Survey the insecurity of the public ways and of the night streets. Go to the hospital, to the house of charity, and the bed of wretchedness. Enter the courts of justice, the prison and the condemned cell. Look at the haggard features of the ironed criminal. Ask all these why they exist to distress you? and you will everywhere be answered by tales and recitals of the effects of drunkenness. And the miseries, and the vices, and the sorrows, and the scenes of suffering, which have harrowed up your soul, were, almost without exception either prepared by drinking, or were undergone for procuring the means of satisfying this vice, and the vices which spring from it.

Mere intoxication is but the starting-post of the drunkard's course. To what a train of roads does drunkenness point, like some portentous finger-post, erected upon earth by the infernal powers to conduct to their dominions. Drunkenness—dissoluteness, debauchery, disease, the hospital, death. Drunkenness—evil company, cursing, swearing, gambling, profanity, infidelity, death in impenitence. Drunkenness—idleness, carelessness, destruction of property, ruin of family, poverty, destitution, death in abandonment. Drunkenness—riotousness, quarrelling, injuries, insults, inhuman fightings, sudden death. Drunkenness—lawless companions, thefts, robberies, plots, murders, the gaol, the iron gang, the gallows. Drunkenness—weakness, gloominess, wretchedness, melancholy, wild fantasies, black horrors, madness.

These are but a few of the courses of the drunkard. But, whilst the drunkard himself totters or crawls along his destined path to his destined end—without a sense of his shame, or a feeling of his condition, or a regard to his friends, or a thought for his family, or a reflection towards his soul, or one glimpse of his destination—is God silent? Are the heavens without knowledge? Does no eye see? And no hand take note? God is silent, but not inactive. The silence of God is the sinner's worst punishment. He no longer troubles the conscience; He has ceased to warn; He is silent. He contemplates the drunkard's course, patiently collecting His wrath, like smouldering fire, and His vengeance, like black clouds, into His bosom: why should *He* be in haste? God's time is eternity; and still as the drunkard heaps crimes, God heaps vengeance. Why should *He* hurry? God is all-powerful. What can escape Him? The hour comes, and the tempest of God bursts. Why should it be visibly? There are other drunkards to be handled by the same judgement. Hear Himself, speaking by the mouth of Isaias—"I have been silent, I have held my peace, I was patient; my words shall break forth as one in labour, I will scatter them; I will wrap them up together in a whirlpool!"

Have the divine terrors lost their power? What a proof of the hardening and stupifying effects of drunkenness! Your eyes at least are open to the consequences, and you are without excuse. Take in hand then the cup of delusions anew; and with your eyes upon the consequences, however appalling, drink! Why then should you startle? The white bubbles that float on the top of the cup—they are only the tears of your wife. Drink on! You have drained her happiness. Take the gloomy cup anew. Do you begin to hesitate once more? The drops look red—they are only the blood from your starved and neglected

children. Drink then, drink on. You have already drained their poor veins to utter impoverishment. Take the horrible cup anew. What, are you more dismayed than before? Yet the vision is true enough, it is only the gray hairs of your parents that float on the surface—you have drained their existence. Drink then, and drink on. But now you must take the cup, for, alas! it is no longer the cup of choice, but the cup of habit; no longer the cup of enjoyment, but the cup of punishment; no longer the cup of sweet delusions, but the cup of necessity. Its pleasures are gone whilst nothing remains but its bitternesses. The cup has lost its charms and the draught its enchantments; from the mere force and necessity of habit you go on drinking its accumulating compound of miseries. It is thus that at last God punishes the sinner with his sins. For "in the hand of the Lord is the cup, He passes it from mouth to mouth," sings the Psalmist, "and only its dregs are not annihilated. All the sinners of the earth shall drink of its bitterness."

But the hour is not yet come, though every cup of intoxication hurries it; on goes the drunkard, thoughtless, senseless, despised, to his destruction. Look at that creature; how can I call him man, when he has lost all the qualities of manhood? See him as he staggers on his way; his frame shaken with excess; his head failing, floating heavily on his body, or falling over his side; his squalid appearance; his mouth of folly; his eyes of wild, guilty insanity; his unmeaning look; his incapable fury. He has come from the house of drunkenness. All that can be done for him, for some time to come, is to treat him like a helpless idiot; to put him to his bed, if possible, until he recovers his existence, and a feeling of melancholy, jaded wretchedness of mind and body, which he again seeks to drown and forget in another fit of intoxication; until he at

length rounds out his miserable remnant of life, and is dissolved in the grave. Look at that fury. She, once, was a woman; dear to some; beloved by many; amiable to all. See that face, once meek and lovely with the pure beams of innocence, now convulsed with all the diabolical passions, which issue from the infernal pit. Hearken to the impure, obscene, ungodly flow of her lips. She, too, has come from the house of drunkenness, and is hastening to the den of infamy; or, like some unnatural monster, is going home to her family to suckle her children with her vices. See that young man. At present, he is honest, useful, thriving; esteemed by his friends, and respected by all who know him. But he is entering the house of drunkenness. He reads his lessons in the school of vice; and every one is beginning to be uneasy with apprehension; to look towards his future; to prophesy his course, and give him over as lost. He begins to suspect himself neglected, then to feel himself disregarded, then to know himself deserted, then abandoned, then shunned; and he reasons foolishly on the subject, for he has drunk the wine of madness, and abandons himself.

I know of no disorder so difficult of cure as the disease of confirmed drunkenness. Few recover. The vice, become habitual, has eaten away too much of their mind and reason to leave sufficient nerve and vigour for a strong and steadfast resolution. Far be it from me to discourage even those who have gone so deep. There are sufficient examples to show that they *may* recover, if they *will* but take the means.

But I must not dissemble the truth. I would warn the beginner, and those who are tempted to begin. I would entreat them to consider how difficult and rare it is to recover into habits of sobriety after having reached a certain point. Let the beginner draw instruction in time. Let him take to himself thought; arrest the beginnings; pluck

out the habit whilst its roots are young and green, and shield himself with caution. Let him draw lessons from bad, as well as from good examples. There was a nation of heathen, the ancient Spartans, who held this vice in such horror, that though they never drank to excess themselves, they intoxicated their slaves, that they might show their children, by example, to what a condition drunkenness brings our nature. You, alas! have no occasion for such an expedient. In every street and on every road, men calling themselves Christians will read you this lesson: the land reels with drunkenness. Consider it well and take profit to yourselves. Turn over in your mind the anathemas of the apostle, and the woes of the prophet, until they inscribe themselves in your heart, and the fear of them becomes a portion of your being. Mark them written on the brow of the drunkard. Watch him in his career, until you see them all accomplished. Write them over your door, inscribe them over your chimney-piece, in your chamber, on your table in the bottom of every glass; utter them in your devotions; hear them in the sounds of every tavern as you pass; and read them on every sign-board. Better you should pass your whole time in studying the woes of drunkenness, than spend your life in feeling them. and your eternity in suffering for them.

Do you ask me how you are to break yourself from this degrading habit? The general rule is very simple. Have a willing mind: shun the occasion: fly idleness. Fix for yourself a measure in your friendly domestic meetings, beyond which you are never, whatever be the occasion, to exceed; and never see the inside of a tavern. Be fully assured that you cannot go beyond your measure, however little, on one occasion, without going beyond it always. Consider in what places and with what persons you are most tempted, and avoid them. "Those that love the

danger shall perish in it." Let no motive, no wish to appear hospitable, no cruel invitations, no pressings of seeming friendship, induce you to forget the friendship which you owe yourself. Repeat your resolution each morning when you rise, and pray for strength to keep it. Examine how you have kept your engagement each evening when you go to rest. If you have failed once, be not discouraged: try again. Nothing delights the eye of heaven more than to see us wrestling manfully with our infirmities; rising courageously after our falls; drawing humility from our weaknesses, and caution and strength from our humiliation. Only he who gives up in despair is conquered. Renew your resolution—strengthen it with prayer; observe the occasion of your past fall, and remove it.

The last advice which I shall give you is one of great importance. Put yourself, with all obedience, under the guidance of a spiritual director. There is a sort of fascination about this vice which often renders the drunkard powerless for his own deliverance; temptation acts upon him like a charm; he requires the hand of another to free himself from her enchantment. Fly, then, to your pastor. The grace of God will not be wanting. And let the consolations and the blessing of a conscience healed, of health recovered, of character restored, of affairs retrieved, of a family made happy, of friends returning with gladdened hearts, of the revival of life now, and of the future hopes which await your redemption from intemperance, be your encouragement.

MODERN SCIENCE AND ANCIENT FAITH.[1]

BY THE REV. JOHN GERARD, S.J.

THERE can be no doubt that many minds are sorely distressed by what is termed the conflict between Science and Faith. Beyond all else, this is pre-eminently the age of scientific discovery: of this characteristic we are proud, and most justly proud. Never before have men pried so far into the secrets of nature; never has the human mind exhibited itself so triumphantly as the most marvellous of all the forces within the range of our experience, by forcing all others to yield up their secrets and reveal their operations, or even to perform those operations at man's bidding and for the fulfilment of his purposes. And when with each advance of knowledge it is strenuously proclaimed by a

[1] A paper read at the Catholic Conference at Hanley, September 30, 1896.

host of writers, that one more death-blow has been dealt not only to Christianity but to all belief in the supernatural, and that unless we choose to shut our eyes against the light now streaming in upon us, we must be content to recognize ourselves but as creatures of a day, called into being by blind natural forces and inevitably destined to sink again into the abyss whence we have come, "melting like streaks of morning mist into the infinite azure of the past" —that there is no such thing as a fatherly Providence watching over us, and no hereafter in which we may hope to reap a harvest that shall not decay—when, I say, we hear this new gospel of misery put forth in the name of Science, as it is every day, there can be no doubt as to the gravity of the question which is raised, nor can we wonder at the disquiet and anxiety which is so widely engendered. If it be true that increase of human knowledge contradicts the beliefs we have been accustomed to cherish, if the discoveries we are able to make by means of our natural faculties, are in reality incompatible with the foundations of our faith, then undoubtedly the most formidable obstacle the world has ever seen is set up to hinder men from believing.

But *is* all this true? That is the question we

have now to discuss, and as a contribution to such discussion I can attempt no more, within the limits to which I must confine myself, than briefly to recapitulate a few of the chief reasons which show that the assumptions with which we are confronted, are not only untrue, but the reverse of the truth; that the case of our opponents rests upon arguments not only invalid but preposterous.

And here I would remark that, as it seems to me, the champions of our own party are often to blame for the line they adopt. While the apostles of unbelief are loud-mouthed and confident, laying down with assurance what they declare to be the law, the defenders of orthodoxy are too often either timid and apologetical, or strenuous in the wrong way—exhibiting their want of acquaintance with the true nature of the teachings they undertake to refute. In either case much harm is done. The impression is produced that we can meet our antagonists only by misrepresenting them, and that if we venture to look them fairly in the face we are inevitably forced to make a pitiable display of our impotence, and have to content ourselves with a feeble attempt to show that after all the case against us is not absolutely proved, but that some loophole of escape may yet be found.

This is not the temper which is likely to vindicate the ways of God to man. The invisible, as He Himself tells us, is made known to us by the visible, and the more we understand of the world whereof our senses can take cognizance, the more should we learn of Him who made it what it is, the more should we be drawn to mount from nature up to nature's God. And such, without question, is the fact.

Coming now to the matter itself, it is in the first place to be observed, that although, as I have said, the number of those is legion who undertake to speak in the name of Science, and interpret her lessons in a sense contrary to Faith, they are not as a rule entitled to the character they assume. It is the popular "scientist," to borrow the hideous title he has invented, unencumbered with sound knowledge, who finds all plain and easy where men far greater than he find mystery, who scatters abroad his crude and random infidelity with the reckless assurance which ignorance begets. When we turn to those who have the best right to speak, we find, in general, a very different tone. I need not dwell on the opinion of the greatest of scientific discoverers, Sir Isaac Newton, who declared that natural philosophy without God was an impossibility; for he lived two centuries

ago, and our self-sufficient generation might therefore decline to accept him as a witness. But Lord Kelvin is still with us, and has not he declared that "overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler"? Another of its Presidents, Sir William Siemens, likewise told the British Association that "all knowledge must lead up to one great result, an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works." "We assume as absolutely self-evident," wrote Professors Stewart and Tait, "the existence of a Deity, who is the Creator and Ruler of all things." In a like sense speak Faraday, Clerk-Maxwell, Sir John Herschel, Sir Gabriel Stokes, Sir Joseph Dawson, to name but a few of those who—none will be bold enough to deny—stand in the very front rank of modern science.

So much for authority. When we turn to scrutinize the subject itself, this must strike us in the first place. The main point upon which the so-called rationalistic argument is based, is that experimental science is not able, by the methods in which it deals, to discover what must be, if it exists at all, altogether beyond its scope, and would be absolutely discredited

if it could be so discovered. Science deals with the forces and properties of matter; what is not material it cannot touch. But no one ever imagined that God or the soul of man are anything material. On the contrary, if we could see them or touch them, if we could weigh them in a balance, or detect them in a test-tube, or affect them with a battery, they would be thereby shown not to be what we believe them. Accordingly, to say that because Science —meaning by that term experimental science— has nothing to report concerning them, therefore they do not exist, is like saying that there is no beauty in the poems of Shakespeare because chemistry fails to discover it, or in Westminster Abbey because though we examine its stones and timbers with the most powerful of microscopes we shall see nothing of it.

This leads naturally to another reflection. Science, as I have said, is justly proud of the advances she has made in recent years, and it is in the name of these her triumphs that the claim is advanced on her behalf to be the supreme instructress of man as to all which it is possible to know. But although, without doubt, the field of our knowledge appears very wide when we compare it with that of former ages, it is altogether paltry and insignificant in

comparison with our ignorance. To hear some men talk we might imagine that we have now sounded the depths of the universe, traced all effects to their causes, and torn aside every veil which shrouded the operations of Nature, forcing her to disclose to us the secrets she most jealously guarded. As a matter of fact we are still, to use Sir Isaac Newton's well-known simile, like little children picking up shells on the shore of the ocean. It may have receded a little more for us than for our ancestors, and enabled us to find some brilliant objects which they could not; but for us as for them its impenetrable depths defy all scrutiny. Nor only this. It may be said with absolute truth that what discoveries we have been enabled to make do but intensify the mystery which lies beyond, and each scrap of knowledge we are able to glean brings with it fresh and perplexing problems which we are utterly unable to solve. To say that modern research has eliminated mystery from nature, is like saying that the telescope has done away with the wonders of the heavens. As an example, we may consider the ultimate elements of which the material universe is composed. In old days it was supposed that there were but four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. Now we have dis-

covered that, in round numbers, there are about eighty. Have we therefore removed all mystery? It would be more true to say that we have multiplied it twenty-fold. We know something of the behaviour in certain circumstances of the atoms into which these various elements are ultimately resolvable, but beyond this we know nothing. As Lord Salisbury put it in his presidential address to the British Association two years ago: "What the atom of each element is; whether it is a movement, or a thing, or a vortex, or a point having inertia; whether there is any limit to its divisibility, and, if so, how that limit is imposed; whether the long list of elements is final, or whether any of them have any common origin—all these questions remain surrounded by a darkness as profound as ever."

As to the causes of things, Science has never discovered one. She has doubtless followed up the chain of inter-dependent phenomena, of which we frequently speak as causes and effects, to a point higher than has ever been done before; but at whatever point she is forced to relinquish her scrutiny, the problem of the true cause remains inscrutable as ever. Of what discovery are we so proud as of Newton's great law of gravitation? Old philosophers knew as well as we that a stone will fall if it be dropped,

and they explained the phenomenon by declaring that every body naturally tends to the centre of its own sphere. We know better, and call such an explanation no explanation at all. It is the attraction of the earth, we say, which explains it all, for according to the formula which we learn at school, every material substance attracts every other with a force proportional directly to its mass, and inversely to the square of the distance. No doubt this is a great advance on the old philosophy; but are we, after all, very much nearer to the root of the matter? Why do bodies so attract one another? And how? By what means is the attraction conveyed? What is it? How is it that the pull of the earth beneath my feet, upon the roof above my head, passes through my body, and yet I am not conscious of it? The pull of the earth upon myself I feel—it is what I call my weight—but not that exerted upon other substances. So manifold are the difficulties with which this subject is surrounded, that Sir John Herschel termed that force of gravitation, of which we speak so familiarly, the "mystery of mysteries," and Faraday thought the great law a paradox. Yet even were our ideas concerning its operation far in advance of what they are, it would still remain true that we have not arrived at the

ultimate cause which can account for so familiar a phenomenon as the falling of a stone or of an apple, till we have discovered what or who it is that made that which makes it fall.

In connection with this topic it is well to remember that what Science can do is to discover "laws," and this is only another name for facts. Recently, for instance, we have been astounded to learn that there are rays of some kind, called X rays because we know nothing of their nature except that they are neither light-rays nor heat-rays, which can penetrate our flesh and reveal our skeletons. That is to say, we have just found out something in nature which has always been there without our knowing it. But too often it seems to be assumed that our achievements are far more important. Of a recent eminent man of science it was said, that having detected a certain substance and called it "protoplasm," he seemed to fancy, because he had invented the name, he had therefore created the thing. Science can but record what she finds in operation. She admires, and bids us admire, the laws she is able to trace. But these are not of her making, and though she may unquestionably claim high honour for the skill with which they have been investigated, we must endorse the sentiment expressed by Diderot—Is the formation of the universe

a less proof of intelligence than its explanation ?

These are a few of the considerations which present themselves on the very threshold of our inquiry. Bearing them in mind, we may proceed to another point which will conveniently serve to illustrate our subject in the compendious manner which such an occasion as this requires.

It has been said that the first three words of the Bible convey three fundamental ideas, which we shall seek in vain in the writings of philosophers however profound, whose natural powers were not illumined by revelation. "In the beginning, God created." The idea of a beginning, before which the things we know by our senses did not exist; of a Supreme Being who had no beginning, who was, when the heavens and the earth were not; and of the act of creation, the calling of the universe out of nothing, at the will and by the power of Him who alone had His being of Himself. Here is the foundation-stone of all supernatural belief —not of Christianity alone, but of Theism itself. What, let us ask, is the witness of Science upon each of these all-important points ?

And first as to the beginning. If there is anything which is proved by modern philosophy beyond all question, it is that such a beginning

there must have been. On such a point no exception can be taken to the evidence of the late Professor Huxley, and he emphatically declares that the phenomena with which astronomy deals, demonstrate by their very nature that they cannot have existed for ever. More than this. The law of the conservation and dissipation of energy, one of the greatest discoveries of our times, clearly proves that in its beginning the universe was in a condition to which its own forces could never have brought it, one from which, on the contrary, they can only more and more remove it. It was, in brief, like a clock wound up; the weights when left to themselves run down, and in doing so set the various parts of the mechanism in motion. But the more work they do the less power of doing work remains; and once they reach their lowest point all work is over, unless a power altogether different from theirs should intervene to replace them in their first position. Even so with the forces of the universe: they are ever spending their power of work, never adding to it—motion, heat, electricity, all the forms of energy with which nature is endowed, are constantly approaching their inevitable term. As Mr. Balfour has expressed it, "We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with

the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude." This, then, is the verdict of Science : that there was a beginning, and that for it no force whereof she takes cognizance can account.

But if so, she necessarily leads us on to the consideration of a Being beyond her ken, who alone could make that beginning possible ; who could construct the clock and wind it, and determine the order of its going ; who is not subject to the laws inexorably governing material things, but, existing for ever, does not grow old, nor part with any fragment of His power, and from whose plenitude alone can Nature have received these forces which make her what she is. The conception of such a Being, as Sir Isaac Newton has told us, is a necessary part of natural philosophy, and so far from this necessity being disproved by recent research, it may be said, with the late Bishop of Carlisle, that by the establishment of the laws of energy Atheism has been rendered "unscientific."

As to "creation," the question appears to be already answered. The calling into being

of a universe which was not, and could not otherwise have been, *is* Creation. It need only be observed that here is the point at which infidel science always breaks down, and inevitably must do so. It will not, because it dare not, face the starting-point. It treats nature as a "going concern." From the course of events observed in the past, it argues to what may be anticipated in the future; and this it styles "philosophy," altogether ignoring the obvious consideration that the past, no less than the future, requires to be accounted for. As a conspicuous illustration of this method of dealing with the question, we may cite that doctrine of evolution of which we hear so much. Of that doctrine this is not the place to speak in detail. We cannot stay to inquire whether, as a matter of fact, the history of organic life, as we know it, is in accordance with evolutionary hypotheses—which such a geologist as Sir Joseph Dawson, and such a botanist as Mr. Carruthers, absolutely deny—nor can we spare time to examine the ambiguity of evolutionist terminology, and the consequent difficulty of determining what exactly is maintained. Let all be as its champions say it is. Let it be granted that one species of plants and animals has been evolved from another species, according to some law. Is

it not obvious that we must start with something which is to evolve, and that it must be capable of evolving? Whence came the thing, and whence the capability? The language of many so-called scientific writers might lead us to believe that the law of evolution, as Science has been able to ascertain it, is capable of explaining the origin of life as well as its developments. Nothing could be more erroneous. As to development, Science can offer a few conjectures, more or less plausible, but as to the origin of life she has to confess that she knows absolutely nothing. As Professor Tait writes: "To say that even the very lowest form of life can be fully explained on physical principles alone, is simply unscientific. There is absolutely nothing known in physical science which can lend the slightest support to such an idea." In fact, just as Science bears witness that the Universe must have had a beginning, so with equal emphasis she declares that, within the sphere of her observation, life can be derived only from a living parent. How far does this take us towards a solution of the great problem of its origin? Hens doubtless come from eggs, and likewise eggs from hens. But what of the beginning? Did the first hen come out of an egg that never was laid? Or was the first egg laid by a hen that never was hatched? One or the other we

must say; and not till we have adequately accounted for the existence of the primordial germ, endowed with the mysterious potencies of life, have we done anything to elucidate the great problem of the origin of all things.

Here is the mystery which true Science must discern beneath the surface of every object which meets her view. As Tennyson has sung :—

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you root and all in my hand;
> Little flower, but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

St. Wilfrid

(634-709).

By the Very Rev. Canon Dallow.

"It is to St. Wilfrid, and to his brave and untiring appeals to the Apostolic See, that this country owes its salvation from internal schism, and the stability of an ecclesiastical organization which was to be proof against many a storm in days to come" (Pastoral of the English Episcopate, June 1893, p. 11).

Introductory.

A study of the life of St. Wilfrid seems not unfitting at the present time, when certain misguided individuals are endeavouring to persuade the people of this country that the old Church of England was never Roman, but lived independent of the See of Peter. At a time, too, when Leo XIII. has shown such a deep interest in our island by his recent letter "Ad Anglos," it seems most opportune to show the interest felt for our Saxon forefathers by the Roman Pontiff, in the seventh century. St. Wilfrid was the first to carry an appeal to Rome, the first to make the supreme power of the Holy See felt throughout the land. In short, he strove to save us from being a "National Church," and to make us *Roman*

Catholics. Those famous words of the Apostle of Ireland are the motto of Wilfrid's whole life and labours: "*Ut Christiani ita ut Romani sitis:* As you are the children of Christ, so be you the children of Rome."

In the course of a long and toiling episcopate, which lasted some forty-four years, he was often in conflict with the rough-handed Saxon kings in defence of the rights of the Church, and was often, too, cruelly misunderstood by his friends. Yet, after a long life, worn out with calumny and persecution, this great soldier of the Church Militant fought the good fight with an unconquerable patience and an energy unsleeping. "He glorified him in sight of kings, and gave him commandments in the sight of his people, and showed him His glory" (Ecclesiasticus, xlv. 3).

I. Wilfrid the Monk.

The life of our saint was compiled by his trusty friend and faithful companion, the monk Eddi Stephani, and is regarded as one of the oldest monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature. It is alluded to and quoted by St. Bede, the Venerable, in his History of the Saxon Church. Neither the names of his parents nor the place of his birth have come down to us, though the date of the latter is given as 634. He came of a noble stock, and a remarkable prodigy is said to have occurred at his entrance into this world. The whole house seemed to be enveloped in flames, and when the startled neighbours ran together to learn the cause thereof, they were assured by the servants of the household, that it was not a fire, but that a child was just born. Such a divine manifestation naturally became noised abroad, and many would doubtless say to one another what the people of Judæa said concerning the infant Baptist: "What a one, think ye, shall this child be?"

Wilfrid, when very young, lost his mother, and, his father taking a second wife, he became the prey of a step-mother's harshness. When thirteen years of age, he could endure it no longer, and, asking his father for horses and servants, he went to the court of Oswy,

King of Northumbria. Here he sought the pious Queen Eanfleda, daughter of the martyr-king Edwin. The young Wilfrid soon grew dissatisfied with court life; sighing for the religious state, he renounced all public and military service, and, in charge of an old servant of the Queen, entered the great monastery of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island. Here, his gracious manners, which everywhere made him such a favourite, and also his great mental powers, endeared him to all the monks. He soon accomplished the first duty of a novice in those days, that of learning the entire Psalter of David by heart. St. Bede styles him a "clear-sighted youth," and this title gives us the key to what at first appears a remarkable course in one so young. It was not long ere Wilfrid began to discover that all was not quite perfect in those Celtic traditions of which Lindisfarne was at that time the reputed stronghold. Hence, he determined to seek the fountain head of all spiritual authority, and to undertake, what as yet no Anglo-Saxon had ventured upon, a journey to Rome. From this bold idea he was not in the least dissuaded, but it was cordially encouraged by his monastic brethren.

Accordingly he set out on his journey; but on arriving at Canterbury, he so won the heart of King Ercombert by his piety, that he was detained a year at his court. Here our saint had leisure to study the Roman usage, under the Archbishop, St. Honorius—one of the disciples of St. Augustine, and his fourth successor in the see. He began by learning the special version of the Psalter here in use, viz., that of Rome; for the one favoured at Lindisfarne was the translation made by St. Jerome, and a later edition. It must have proved an irksome task, involving no little time and labour, but it was a work of love, because it brought him nearer to Rome. This love of unity with everything Roman, even in such minor details, is the secret of his whole life.

At length, in 654, he again set forth on his journey, in company with another young nobleman from Northumbria, Bennet Biscop. On arriving at Lyons, the latter pushed on to Rome, but Wilfrid tarried a year with Delphinus, the Archbishop, who, mistaking

the saint's vocation, offered him his niece in marriage, and the post of magistrate. His kind offers were refused, but as he bade adieu to his generous patron, he promised to visit him again on his return.

On reaching Rome, he soon found a friend in the Archdeacon Boniface, secretary to St. Martin, the Pope. Here, he studied most carefully the Paschal computation as to the right day for the celebration of Easter, and the rules of ecclesiastical discipline. His interview with the Pontiff was of the warmest kind, and St. Martin dismissed him with a special prayer and a blessing.

On revisiting Lyons, he received an affectionate welcome from Delphinus, with whom he stayed three years, receiving from him the Roman tonsure.* His visit was brought to a sad and abrupt end by a persecution which broke out, in which his patron and seven other bishops received the crown of martyrdom. As Delphinus was led away to death he forbade Wilfrid to follow him, but the latter, in words like those St. Lawrence spoke to St. Sixtus, cried out that the father and son ought to die together. He was stripped ready for death, and the martyr's palm seemed almost in his grasp, when one of the officers, hearing that he was a Saxon from over the seas, forbade the execution. Wilfrid, having recovered the body of the Bishop, gave it honourable burial, after which he started home.

On reaching the north he was summoned to the court of Oswy by his pious son Alchfrid, who, at his father's request, was aiding him in governing the kingdom. So strong an affection sprang up between this young prince and our saint, that Bede compares it to the love of David and Jonathan. Alchfrid had founded a new monastery at Ripon,† at the junction of two rivers, the

* There were in use at this time three forms of the tonsure. 1. St. Peter's, which left only a circle of hair round the head, to typify the Crown of Thorns. 2. The Oriental, called St. Paul's, where the whole head was shaved. 3. The Celtic, where the hair was cut in front from ear to ear.

† The word Ripon seems to be a corruption of the Latin words "In Ripam," i.e. "on the bank." The old word for this town was Inrypum.

Skell and the Nidd, in the heart of Deira, or Yorkshire. The first monks came from Melrose Abbey, under the Abbot Eata, and amongst them was the great St. Cuthbert. The endowment was a large tract of land inhabited by forty families. Acting under Wilfrid's influence, Alchfrid required the brethren to abandon the Celtic time of keeping the Paschal solemnities, and conform to that of Rome. Rather than submit, Eata and Cuthbert returned to Melrose, whereupon Wilfrid was installed as Abbot. There happened at that time to be on a visit to Oswy, Agilbert Bishop of Wessex, —a Frank by birth, educated in Ireland—from whose hands our saint received the priesthood.

The new Abbot of Ripon now used all his influence in the north to win over the clergy to the proper time of keeping Easter, and the agitation which he thus brought about led to the famous Council of Whitby, which settled this grave matter once for all. Wilfrid had to work all alone, and he met with stout opposition even from those who were in after years revered as saints. If, as is probable, he was aware of what had happened in Ireland thirty years before, he thereby received fresh courage for his task. At Seighton, a council of Irish clergy had been held to settle this vexed question, when, hearing from messengers sent to Rome that all the nations kept Easter at the same time that Rome did, the clergy of the south of Ireland gave in. In the north however, and at Iona, they adhered obstinately to the old Celtic traditions.

Strange to relate, even in the King's palace Easter was kept on different days, Oswy keeping to the Celtic calculation and his wife, Eanfleda, that of Rome. Thus, as Bede relates, there came to pass the painful anomaly of the King and his court observing Easter with suitable rejoicings on the same day which the Queen with her chaplain and suite kept as Palm-Sunday. The whole difficulty arose from the fact that about the year 525, in consequence of sundry errors being discovered, a new Paschal cycle was adopted (and has been adhered to ever since), which limits the celebration of Easter to the interval between March the 22nd, and April the 24th.

The Celtic Church in the West of Europe, cut off by distance from communication with Rome, had received no news of this, and naturally retained the Jewish cycle.

To settle this dispute and put an end to what was little less than a scandal, a conference was called by Oswy, at Whitby, in Yorkshire, in 664, at which both the parties assembled in large numbers. On the one side appeared Colman, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and his monks, along with St. Cedd, Bishop of London, and St. Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, niece of St. Edwin, King and Martyr. On the other, were ranged Bishop Agilbert, Prince Alchfrid, and Abbot Wilfrid, who was supported by Romanus, a priest of Canterbury, and the aged Deacon James, only surviving disciple of St. Paulinus.

Being assembled, either in the great abbey of which but a scanty ruin remains, or on the green sward of the cliff overlooking the German Ocean, Oswy began by asking that there should be one rule of life and discipline for those who worshipped a common Lord and God.

Colman, being invited, then rose up and stated his case, viz., that his forefathers had ever kept the Paschal computation of Blessed Columbkille, which had been handed down from St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist. Agilbert, being now called upon, made Wilfrid his spokesman, not being fluent in the Saxon tongue.

Then Wilfrid, being ordered by the King to speak, delivered himself thus: "The Easter which we observe we saw celebrated by all at Rome, where the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul taught, suffered and were buried; we saw the same done in Italy, and in France, when we travelled through these countries for pilgrimage and prayer. We find the same practised in Africa, Asia, Egypt, Greece, and all the world, wherever the Church of Christ is spread abroad, through several nations and tongues at one and the same time; except only these and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part even of them, oppose all the rest of the universe." When he had so said, Colman answered, "It is strange that you will call our

labours foolish, wherein we follow the example of so great an Apostle, who was thought worthy to rest his head on our Lord's bosom, when all the world knows him to have lived most wisely." Wilfrid answered, "Far be it from us to charge John with folly, for he literally observed the precepts of the Jewish law, whilst the Church judaized in many points, and the Apostles were not able at once to cast off all the observances of the law which had been instituted by God: as it is necessary that all who come to the faith should forsake the idols which were invented by devils, that they might not give scandal to the Jews that were among the Gentiles. . . . . But when Peter preached at Rome, being mindful that our Lord rose from the dead and gave the world the hopes of resurrection on the first day after the sabbath, he understood that Easter ought to be observed, so as always to stay till the rising of the moon on the fourteenth day of the first moon, in the evening, according to the custom and precepts of the law, even as John did." The dispute continued with much warmth, until a remark of Wilfrid brought matters to a crisis. Our saint, whilst fully admitting the piety of Columba and the Scottish Saints, declared that these examples, even that of St. John himself, could not be put against that Apostle to whom Christ had said; "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."†

King Oswy straightway asked Colman if these words were really spoken to Peter, and the latter admitted that they were, as did all the council. Then the King declared that as Peter was the porter of heaven he dared not oppose him, lest there be none to open to himself. The entire assembly, as Bede testifies, "held up their hands" in token of their agreement.

Thus was settled this most weighty question, which if prolonged, might possibly have ended in schism,

* This account by St. Bede is given as translated in Faber's *Life of St. Wilfrid.*

† St. Matt. xvi.

Colman, feeling himself unable to receive the decision, humbly resigned his bishopric and withdrew to Iona, along with those monks who, like himself, refused to adopt the Roman Easter and the Roman tonsure. They took away with them the bones of St. Aidan, founder of the see of Lindisfarne.

II. Wilfrid the Bishop. 664.

Tuda, the successor of Colman, having died of the plague, Wilfrid was soon selected to fill his place. At first he pleaded his own unworthiness, but finally accepted the spiritual burthen, and repaired to Paris, in order to receive from his old friend Agilbert episcopal consecration. Eleven other bishops took part in the function, and, according to an ancient rite of the Gallic Church, he was carried by the prelates in a golden chair round the church, amidst hymns of joy. On his return to England, Wilfrid and his clergy were stranded on the coast of Sussex, where they were in danger of their lives from the pagan inhabitants; but their barque, floating again with the next tide, safely landed them in the port of Sandwich.

Meanwhile affairs had taken a sad turn in Northumbria; and Oswy, impatient at Wilfrid's delay, procured another to take the vacant see. This was St. Chad, who had been consecrated by Wine, Bishop of Winchester, and whom Wilfrid on his arrival found in possession of his diocese. Our saint, though but thirty years of age, had the patience and self-restraint of maturer years, and thus, at this trying moment, he retired to his abbey of Ripon, where he remained until his restoration five years later, in 669. The see of Canterbury being vacant, King Egbert sent for Wilfrid to administer it and ordain clergy, until the new Archbishop, St. Theodore, a Greek, should have arrived from Rome. The former then retired to Yorkshire, taking with him the monks, Eddi and Eona, both skilled in Gregorian chant, and a band of architects and masons. But most important of all, he introduced the Rule of St. Benedict for the first

time into the north of the island, and into his abbey of Ripon.

The new Primate, though sixty-seven years of age, began with vigour to make a general visitation of the whole country, and in due course restored St. Wilfrid to his see. The humble Chad gladly gave way, and retired into a monastery, from which, however, he was afterwards withdrawn by our saint, and made Bishop of Mercia, the present diocese of Lichfield. What seems curious is that Wilfrid was not made Bishop of Lindisfarne, but was installed in the important see of York, founded by St. Paulinus. He never received the Pallium, and hence was never an Archbishop. *

Our saint now entered with great zeal upon the labours of his large diocese. He began by restoring the old Cathedral of York, which, after the departure of St. Paulinus, had got into a most ruinous condition; and, amongst other valuable gifts, gave a copy of the Gospels in letters of gold on purple vellum. His care was next directed to his abbey of Ripon, where he built an entirely new church, all of stone, the remains of which are considered to be the crypt of the present cathedral. At the solemn dedication of this church to St. Peter, in 670, our saint entertained two Saxon princes, Egfrid and Elfwin, and a concourse of abbots and magistrates. He now turned his attention to a spot called Hevenfield, or Hegilstad, in the valley of the Tyne, where St. Oswald won a victory over his pagan foes. Here, where stands the modern Hexham, on the patrimony of St. Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, he built a noble church of stone, in honour of St. Andrew. The crypt, like that of Ripon, is said to be Saxon architecture, and is probably the work of St. Wilfrid.

The visitation of his vast diocese, extending from the Humber to the Clyde, was usually done on foot, until

* Various reasons are assigned for this. One is that St. Paulinus, flying to the south, after Edwin's death, carried with him the Pallium, so to speak. The Pallium was not again given until Egbert came in 734, nor did St. Wilfrid ever ask for the dignity.

the Primate ordered him to use a horse. He soon became famous for his austerities, and was deeply loved by all the people, who in the various towns and villages he passed through thronged after him to receive Confirmation. On one occasion a miracle occurred, which seemed to raise him still more in the eyes of all. It is narrated that, at the village of Tiddafrey, in Yorkshire, a woman, distracted with grief, pushed her way through the crowd and presented to the Bishop her infant son, recently dead. Prostrating herself at his feet she besought him to restore her child to life. Wilfrid, full of anguish and compassion, having prayed earnestly to God on his knees, arose, and laying his hand on the child's heart, the little one came to life again. Having then baptized it, he exacted a promise from the grateful mother, that when her son should be seven years old, he should be given to the Church. She kept her word, and he became a monk at Ripon Abbey.

Thus, did Wilfrid fulfil the various duties of his toilsome ministry, preaching, baptizing, confirming; and also, by means of Eddi, his precentor, spreading everywhere a knowledge of Gregorian chant. "In vigil and in prayer," cries out his faithful chronicler, "who was like him?" But such peaceful times were not to last for ever, and after nine years a sudden change came.

III. Wilfrid's Trials, Imprisonment and Exile.

About the year 673, St. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, held a Synod at Thetford (or Hertford), at which he manifested a strong desire to split up the more extensive sees into smaller ones, and increase thereby the number of bishops. But, by canon law, no diocese can be divided without permission of the ruling prelate.

Now it happened that Egfrid and Ermenburga, who sat on the throne of Northumbria, entertained a deadly hatred towards St. Wilfrid. Accordingly, under the specious pretext of zeal for God's Church, they sent to the Archbishop their most earnest solicitations that the

large see of York should be divided into at least three parts. They went so far as to accuse Wilfrid of pride, tyranny and luxury, though the saint's whole manner of life openly gave the lie to such accusations. They finally demanded his instant deposition, backing up their impudent request with powerful bribes.

Theodore does not seem to have been aware of the utter insincerity of this wily King, and that a royal scheme of church spoliation lay at the bottom of the proposed division of St. Wilfrid's diocese. Accordingly, this extensive Bishopric of York was actually split up into four new secs. To Wilfrid was assigned Lindisfarne, whilst Bosa received York, and Eata Hexham. Such an arrangement as this, carried out without any consultation with our saint, would doubtlessly seem all the more painful as well as unjust, when we remember how nobly he had restored the old Cathedral of York, and had built the first stone church at Hexham. This Eata, too, was the same Abbot who had retired from the abbey of Ripon rather than accept the Roman time of keeping Easter, and was superseded by Wilfrid. Now, by the irony of fate, matters were exactly reversed.

The first step of the deposed Bishop was to consult with his episcopal brethren, who strongly advised resistance. Wilfrid, therefore, appeared before the King and his council, and demanded the motives for such unjust treatment. He received for answer that no crime was alleged against him, but that the decrees of the Archbishop would be strictly carried out. Then St. Wilfrid, with an intrepidity worthy of an Anselm or a Thomas à Becket, cried out, "I appeal to the judgement of the Holy See!" This is the first case in our island of an appeal to the Roman Pontiff and the Chair of Peter, and is consequently an event of extreme importance in the history of the Catholic Church in Great Britain. As he left the assembly, the rude Saxon nobles laughed scornfully at the unflinching warrior of Christ, who turning to them said: "You who laugh to-day at my expense, will this day next year be weeping at your own!" This prophecy came but

too true, for in a year's time the corpse of the younger brother and heir of Egfrid, slain in war with the Mercians, was brought home for burial amidst universal mourning. Those who meddle with the Church's rights seldom prosper, and during the remainder of Egfrid's reign all his encounters with his enemies ended in woeful defeat.

Wilfrid accompanied by his faithful monk, Eddi, tore himself away with a heavy heart from the diocese where he had been known and loved so long, and to which he had introduced with such zeal the Roman discipline and the Rule of St. Benedict. In this, his second journey to the Eternal City, he was no longer a mere pilgrim but a persecuted bishop, appealing for justice at the centre of all authority, the Chair of St. Peter.

So relentless were his enemies that his very life was attempted. Messages and gifts were sent to the cruel governor Ebroin, who had martyred Wilfrid's patron, St. Delphinus; and it seemed as though this time our Saint would not escape death so easily as he did before. Either warned of his danger, or else guided by the west wind, Wilfrid drifted upon the shore of Friesland, in Germany. The warlike people received the exile with hospitality, whilst he in turn gave them the inestimable blessing of the Gospel. Unmindful of his important errand, and full of holy unselfishness, Wilfrid spent the entire winter in these holy labours, baptizing the chiefs, with thousands of people. Even here, however, the implacable hatred of his foes pursued him. Ebroin sent a bag of gold coins to the King, as the price of Wilfrid, alive or dead. But the noble-hearted Frisian scorned the offer, and after reading aloud the letter of Ebroin at a public banquet, he cast it into the fire before the bearers, who retired in dismay. During so brief a visit to this country, great results could hardly be expected. The work was one day to be completed by another saint, who was that moment a monk at Ripon, having been brought there and entrusted to Wilfrid by his mother in early childhood, —the famous St. Willibrord.

On passing through Austrasia, our Saint was received

with much warmth by King Dagobert II., who had passed his youth in an Irish monastery (probably Slane), and on his homeward journey had received great hospitality at Ripon Abbey. In his gratitude, he thrust the bishopric of Strasburg upon the exiled Bishop, which the latter refused, and continued on his journey through Lombardy. Here, again, his enemies demanded his death from Berthaire the king, who nobly refused to commit such a crime, and sent Wilfrid on to Rome, with a special escort to guard his person.

Arrived at his journey's end in August, 679, our saint hastened to make known his cause to Pope Agatho, who called a council of fifty bishops in the Lateran Basilica to discuss the affair. The result of these deliberations was that the Pope passed a solemn decree, by which Wilfrid's see was to be restored to him entire, and that he was to have such coadjutors to aid him as he himself would make choice of at a synod of his own clergy. The bishops who had been intruded into the various portions of his diocese were at the same time to be removed.

The Bishop of York delayed some months in Rome, and was invited to sit at a council of 125 bishops, specially convened by the Pope to condemn the Monothelite heresy, at Easter, 680. He also obtained the solemn confirmation of a charter for the new Abbey of Peterborough, amongst the other privileges granted to which was that all pilgrims who through ill health or weakness were unable to visit the City of Peter, might enjoy the same indulgences by visiting this Burg, or City of Peter, in England.

When St. Wilfrid arrived home once more he went to Northumbria, but it was with some difficulty that he procured an audience with the King. Presenting his sealed letters from the Roman Pontiff, they were ordered by Egfrid to be opened and read before the council. The latter declared that they had been procured by false representations and bribery, whereupon St. Wilfrid was thrown into prison. Here he was plundered of all his possessions, and the precious reliquary he had brought from Rome was seized upon by the wicked Queen

Ermenburga, and hung up in her room. Offrith, the keeper of the dark dungeon wherein our saint was confined, perceived one day through the chinks of the door that the room was full of a heavenly light. Startled by this prodigy, and moved yet more by a miracle wrought by the saint on his wife, by the cure of an abscess in the throat, he boldly told the King that he would guard the "man of God" no longer. Accordingly the prisoner was removed to Dunbar, where also another prodigy occurred, which had no effect on his new gaoler who was a man of ferocious disposition. When the iron chains were placed upon the saint's limbs, they fell off or snapped asunder. The hands that had baptized and confirmed so many thousands, the feet that had borne him hither and thither to "preach the Gospel of peace" refused to be fettered: "verbum Dei non est alligatum" (2 Tim. ii. 9). Egfrid had the effrontery to offer his captive a part of his bishopric and with it many handsome gifts, if he would but acknowledge the Pope's letter to be false. Wilfrid bravely answered the tyrant that he would lose his head rather than be guilty of such a crime.

Meanwhile, the King and Queen being on a tour through the north, came to the Abbey of Coldingham, where the latter was seized with a severe attack of delirium which brought her to death's door. St. Ebba, the abbess, severely reproached her royal nephew for his cruelty to Wilfrid. She declared that if he were not liberated and his reliquary restored to him, further punishments would follow from the hand of God. She was immediately obeyed.

The Bishop of York, being set at liberty, fled with a few friends for safety to Mercia, but King Ethelred's wife being sister to Egfrid, he was ordered to leave that kingdom without delay. He then sought an asylum in Wessex, but here also the hatred of another queen drove him out, for the wife of Kenwin was the sister of Ermenburga. Thus, pursued through nearly the entire Saxon Heptarchy, the weary fugitive at last found rest in Sussex, the only kingdom in the island yet pagan though its king was a Christian. As in his first exile

he had evangelized Friesland, so in this second exile he gathered the South Saxons into the fold of Christ, and in this way finished the conversion of England. Thus does an all-wise God draw good out of evil, and, by means of the sufferings of His elect, spread the knowledge of the Gospel.

Amidst these toilsome but fruitful labours, Wilfrid passed five years. His arrival was greeted by a special mark of heaven's favour, which the pagans were not slow to consider as supernatural. For three years a terrible drought had prevailed throughout Sussex, followed by a severe famine, which drove many of the wretched people to suicide. But on the day when our saint preached his first sermon a copious rain descended on the thirsty land and restored the face of nature. In a short time, most of the people abandoned their idols; and Kenwalch, in return for the blessings of Christianity given to his nation, gave to Wilfrid the promontory of Selsey, or "Seal's Isle," with land enough for eighty-seven families. Here the saint built a monastery and lived in it with Eddi, his cantor, and four other priests. This new see of Selsey, thus founded by the beneficence of Kenwalch, was afterwards, in 1070, moved to Chichester, where a fine cathedral now stands, partly erected by St. Richard Wyche.

Wilfrid increased his popularity in a wonderful degree by teaching the poor natives the art of fishing, of which they seem to have been ignorant. Going out to sea with his men, the Bishop cast in a large net, composed of many smaller ones he had borrowed for the occasion, and presently brought in to land three hundred fishes. The delighted Saxons could hardly believe their own eyes, and looked upon this draught of fishes as little less than miraculous. Their joy increased when their kind pastor gave them one third of the "harvest from the deep," dividing the remainder between the owners of the nets and his monastery. Thus, like his favourite Apostle the Fisherman of Galilee, our saint became also "a fisher of men."

Meanwhile, the judgements of God lighted at last upon the head of Egfrid. In 684, provoked by sundry

hostilities of the Irish, he sent an army into their island which took revenge on the poor natives with a ferocity truly appalling. Neither age nor sex, church nor monastery, was spared. From that unhappy land, thus ravaged by fire and sword, there arose one general curse, which even the Saxons considered had its fulfilment in the terrible death that shortly overtook the King of Northumbria. For, in the following year, 685, despite the advice of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Hexham, he led an army into Scotland, and devastated that country with atrocious cruelty. At length, he was surprised in a Highland pass, and thus he and his army were totally destroyed by the infuriated Picts and Scots.

In this same year, Ceadwalla, a noble thane of Wessex, invaded the kingdom of the South Saxons, and killed Ethelwald. He then captured the Isle of Wight, and, holding Wilfrid in great reverence and esteem, presented him with a quarter of the island as a gift, in thanksgiving for the success of his arms. He shortly after placed himself under the saint for instruction in the Faith, and then set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, in order to do penance for his sins, and receive baptism from the Vicar of Christ. Wilfrid sent Bernwine, his nephew, along with another priest, to preach the Gospel in the Isle of Wight.

The enemies of Wilfrid were now one by one passing away. Egfrid was dead: Ermenburga, his widow, received the veil from St. Cuthbert, at Carlisle, in order to end her days in penance and seclusion. Theodore, the old Archbishop of Canterbury, feeling that his death would not be far distant, sent for Wilfrid to meet him at London, and there in the presence of St. Erconwald, Bishop of that see, he humbly craved forgiveness for his ill-treatment of our saint, and sought a reconciliation. He also begged of Wilfrid, as a man well-versed in ecclesiastical law, to take upon himself the see of Canterbury. The Bishop of York, however, with that humility and unselfishness which characterized his whole life, freely pardoned past differences, and only asked for official letters, to procure his restoration. As to the Primacy, he steadfastly shunned the honour,

and declared that the Archbishop's successor must be settled at the proper time, and at a lawful assembly called for the purpose.

Furnished accordingly with letters for Ethelred of Mercia, and Aldfrid King of Northumbria, Wilfrid set out for the north once more with a joyful heart. On meeting Ethelred, he was received with great honour, and all his lands in Mercia were immediately restored to him. On the throne of Egfrid there now sat his brother, the clever and accomplished Aldfrid, who had spent his early years at that great fountain of learning, Iona, where Oswy, his father, and Oswald, his uncle, had loved to sojourn, and whither the bleeding corpse of the late king had been brought from the battle-field for burial. Aldfrid, on receiving the letters of Theodore, recalled the exiled Bishop to Northumbria, and restored to him his monasteries of Hexham and Ripon, and the see of York. The bishops who had been placed there retired without delay; viz., St. Bosa, from York, and St. John of Beverley, from Hexham; St. Cuthbert having at this time resigned his see to prepare for death on Farne island, Lindisfarne came once more under Wilfrid's will.

IV. Wilfrid's Exile and Second Appeal to Rome.

Our Saint was fifty-six years of age when Theodore died at four-score, in 690, and was laid to rest at the right side of St. Augustine, our first Apostle. For over a quarter of a century, St. Wilfrid's career had been well nigh one continued conflict in behalf of the Church's rights, and now rest was granted him for awhile to govern in peace his beloved monks and people, who everywhere came out in crowds to welcome back their father and their bishop. Alas! the truce in his religious warfare was to last but for five years, for Aldfrid, perhaps calling to mind the past ill-treatment of the saint by his brother Egfrid, or likely enough envying the immense power and influence of so doughty a champion of the Church, broke his peace

with St. Wilfrid. In that passion for interference in the government of the Church which has been ever so common among earthly rulers, Aldfrid determined on erecting Ripon into a new bishopric. The Bishop naturally resisted with the greatest energy such an unwarranted meddling with the government of his diocese, and protested against this usurpation of his rights. His words, however, proved of no avail, for there was as yet no Primate in the see of Canterbury to whom he could appeal; and so for a second time exile became the sad lot of the holy prelate.

He returned to the court of Ethelred, in Mercia, where he remained eleven years in silence and patience under persecution. The year after his arrival, 692, the see of Lichfield became vacant, and he was implored to take this new burthen upon his shoulders; which, at the earnest prayer of his faithful friend Ethelred, he did willingly. Once upon a time, St. Chad, the first bishop of that see, had entered upon his own labours at York; now, by a strange turn of affairs, Wilfrid becomes the successor of Chad!

The last wish of Archbishop Theodore—that Wilfrid should be chosen to succeed him—seems to have been of no avail, for in two years' time, St. Bertwald (or Brithwald), a monk of Glastonbury and Reculver, was appointed to the vacant see of Canterbury. By some mystery we are unable to solve, the new Primate seems to have shown little or no sympathy for our saint or his cause until the year 703, when, at the wish of Aldfrid, he called a council or synod at Nestrefield, near Ripon, which many bishops and abbots attended and to which Wilfrid was also invited. The exiled Bishop came in obedience to the Primate's summons, but probably with little hope of justice being done to him. His reception by the council was far from encouraging, and his enemies broke out into loud invectives against him. At first it was settled that Wilfrid should renounce all his possessions on either side of the Humber: later on, however, calmer feelings prevailed, and a more lenient sentence was passed on him, viz., that he should give up all exercise of his

episcopal functions; that he should retire and live peaceably at his abbey of Ripon; and that he should not leave it without permission of the King.

At this insulting proposal, St. Wilfrid broke silence, and in the impassioned oration, which Eddi the chronicler has preserved for us, put his enemies to the blush. He asked those present, how they could dare thus to make him a scandal before all, who, during forty years of episcopal rule, had never been convicted of any fault. He then pathetically referred to those various blessings he had bestowed upon the northern Church, the correct time of Easter, the Roman tonsure, Gregorian chant, and the Rule of St. Benedict. The exiled prelate concluded with these words: "I appeal to the Holy See, and I invite you, who seek to depose me, to go there with me!" The council broke up in confusion, and Wilfrid fled for safety to Mercia, where he took refuge at the court of the pious Ethelred. Alban Butler, in his life of the saint (Oct. 12th), truly remarks that "this persecution was raised by court envy, jealousy and resentment. These were the instruments which conjured up the storm, the secret springs which put in motion the engines that were employed against this servant of God, through the simplicity or ignorance of many, the malice of some, and the complaisance and condescension of others."

Wilfrid now started on his third journey to Rome, to make his second appeal to the centre of all spiritual authority. The venerable pastor was now seventy; yet, though robbed of his possessions, driven forth after forty years of episcopal labours, persecuted and misunderstood, his indomitable spirit was still unbroken. On reaching the Eternal City, in 703, he found John VI., sitting in the chair of Peter, and to him he made his humble petition. The messengers of Archbishop Brithwald were also there. The Holy See ordered a full investigation, and such interest did this ecclesiastical cause provoke that no less than seventy sessions were held in four months by the council of bishops convened for the purpose. Such a scrupulous attention to affairs in an

island so distant and obscure as our own, ought to impress on us the lesson, taught by Rome for nineteen centuries, that every cause brought to Peter's successor is sure of being judged with firmness and impartiality. Nothing served Wilfrid's cause better than the important fact, duly brought to light, that he had, when at Rome twenty years before, sat at the council, called against the Monothelites. Pope John ended the discussion in Wilfrid's favour, sending letters to the kings of Northumbria, and of Mercia, and an order to the Archbishop of Canterbury to summon a Synod, at which the exiled Bishop should be reinstated in his diocese and his possessions.

V. Wilfrid's Last Days.

After the turmoil of such a stormy life, Wilfrid hoped to have at last found a haven of rest, and that he might now end his days in that city he loved so well. But such was not to be. By the Pope's express command, he started home once more, laden, as in days of yore, with relics of the saints and rich vestments for his Saxon churches. When passing through France, he fell dangerously ill at Meaux, and his last hour seemed at hand, when St. Michael appeared to him in a vision, and assured him that at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and the prayers of his friends, he had some four more years given him to live.

Our saint now hastened home with alacrity. On reaching Canterbury, Brithwald met him, and was completely reconciled to him in the presence of many abbots from Wilfrid's various monasteries. Passing into Mercia, he found Ethelred no longer king, but a Benedictine monk in the cloisters of Bardney. Two monks were now despatched to Northumbria to arrange a meeting between Wilfrid and King Aldfrid, but the latter stubbornly refused to receive the verdict of the Holy See. Falling ill soon afterwards, the Saxon prince confessed his sin, and admitted that he was being smitten by the hand of God. Before his death, he left word that his successor should do justice to the exiled Bishop.

The Primate now came to Ripon, and in an open field on the bank of the Nidd, which flows south of the abbey, a council was held, at which were present the three bishops of Northumbria, the young king Osred, only eight years old, and the abbots and nobles of those parts. An amicable settlement was finally agreed upon, and all the five prelates embraced each other, whilst the entire assembly dispersed amidst general rejoicing. Our saint contented himself by retaining his abbeys of Hexham and Ripon, the former see being now vacated by St. John of Beverley, who was made Bishop of York.

The sincerity of St. Brithwald's friendship for our saint was proved in a remarkable manner by a very graceful act, which occurred during Wilfrid's last journey through Mercia. A new church had been built by St. Egwin, bishop of Worcester, in honour of our Lady, at Evesham, and the Archbishop held a meeting at Alncester, about seven miles away, at which Wilfrid was present. Here, where there was a palace of the Mercian kings, the charter and royal grants to the new abbey were ratified, and then St. Brithwald invited the aged Wilfrid to perform the holy rite of consecration, to which he consented.

This was the last public act of Wilfrid's eventful life, and the finishing deed of a chequered career, during which he had held in turn four Dioceses, viz., York, 665; Lindisfarne, 678; Lichfield, 681; Hexham, 705. He had spent the few years which now remained to him chiefly at his beloved abbey of Ripon, where, nevertheless, he was not destined to close his eyes; for, whilst making a tour of farewell amongst his various monasteries in Mercia, the Archangel came to him as he had once promised when lying ill at Meaux. Wilfrid had just arrived at Undalum, a village now called Oundle, near Northampton, when he felt the hand of death upon him. He, accordingly, made a general confession to Tatbert, and then appointed St. Acca as his successor in the see of Hexham. When he had bestowed upon his weeping monks his last blessing, he lay

for some days on his poor pallet quite motionless. Meanwhile, the solemn chant never ceased, as his broken-hearted brethren kept guard around their dying father with prayers and tears. When they came to those words of the 103rd Psalm, "Emitte spiritum tuum, et creabuntur," Wilfrid turned gently over on his cheek and gave up his soul to God. The long and tedious battle of life was over; the brave warrior of Christ was for ever at rest, A.D. 709.

His body was carried with great pomp to Ripon, and buried in the church of the abbey he had loved so well. A curious prodigy is related to have happened on the anniversary of his death. The abbot and monks were outside in the twilight at about complin time, when they suddenly beheld a marvellous light of pearly whiteness which seemed to rise out of St. Wilfrid's tomb and gradually clasp in its shining embrace the whole monastery. This they took as a happy presage of their glorious Patron's protection, for the intercession of God's saints is a wall of defence to the Church.

In 959, the saint's relics were solemnly translated to Canterbury Cathedral by St. Odo, who placed them under the high altar. They were afterwards placed by Lanfranc in a shrine, and put by St. Anselm at the Gospel side of the altar. When the Reformers broke up and swept away the shrines of our English Saints, the bones of St. Wilfrid were, it is supposed, given a last resting place beneath the pavement of the Cathedral, near to the tomb of England's last Primate, the gentle and illustrious Cardinal Pole.

We may in conclusion glance for a moment at the character and work of a saint who played so eventful a part in the history of our country in the seventh century. His chronicler and constant companion, the Monk Eddi, has left us his character in a few incisive words, which give us a distinct picture of this great Saxon prelate; "Affable to all, penetrating in mind, a quick walker, expert at all good works, he never had a sour face." Whilst it may be admitted there was a something, not easy to define, which occasionally

created him enemies even among good people, yet the powerful fascination he exercised upon all who came in contact with him, is certainly one of the most remarkable traits in his life. Hence all who were drawn under Wilfrid's influence, such as the abbots and monks of the many monasteries founded or ruled over by him, obeyed him with a devotion unbounded during life, and wept over his death as an irreparable loss.

Among the halo of saints that shone around him and received a borrowed light from him, should be mentioned St. Willibrord, who as a boy was entrusted to Wilfrid by his mother to bring up as a monk at Ripon, and who afterwards perfected Wilfrid's first labours among the Frieslanders. He was the adviser of St. Ethelred, King of Mercia, the spiritual director of St. Ethelreda, who governed two great abbeys of men and women at Ely, and the consecrator of St. Swibert, bishop of the Frisians.

Who can ever duly estimate the blessings that St. Wilfrid conferred upon his native country or the Universal Church? He secured the permanence of the episcopate in Saxon times, and so strenuously opposed all interference by the civil power, that it was not till four hundred years afterwards that a Norman King dared to depose a bishop. He checked the growing danger of a "National Church," and by his instituting pilgrimages and appeals to Rome brought both King and people to acknowledge the absolute supremacy of the "See of Peter." Lastly, besides thus crowning the glorious work of our Apostle St. Augustine, he completed the conversion of England by extinguishing the last relics of idolatry.

The late Provost Consitt, in his "Life of St. Cuthbert," gives a beautiful contrast between the hermit of Farne island and our Saint. The body of the former, in its many wanderings (to escape the Danes), was brought by his monks to Ripon, and rested under the same roof with Wilfrid's body, for the space of four months. "This sojourn at Ripon of the body of St. Cuthbert forms a link between the great saint of Durham and the noble-hearted Wilfrid, who, when Cuthbert lived in so-

litude upon the tempest-tossed Farne, almost single-handed, fought the battle of the rights of the Church and the Episcopate and sovereignty of Rome. There cannot be a greater contrast than that afforded by the lives of these two saints. Wilfrid, the great bishop, offspring of a noble race, was a man of war, and his position and influence involved him in perpetual conflict with the rough Saxon kings. Cuthbert's life was mainly spent in ascetic retirement, far removed from the excitement and toils of the struggle. Yet how many points of resemblance united them together. Cuthbert had the indomitable courage and pluck of the great Anglo-Saxon bishop, and the high-souled Wilfrid possessed all the tenderness of heart of the gentle disciple of the Celtic Aidan" (pp. 167-8).

St. Wilfrid is honoured to-day as one of the Diocesan Patrons of the Dioceses of Leeds and Middlesbrough; and at York and Ripon, are two Gothic churches erected in his honour, of great beauty. In the Diocese of Portsmouth, his feast is kept a *greater double*, on account of his being the Apostle of Sussex and the Isle of Wight. He is also honoured as Patron in that part of Germany which was the ancient Friesland.

To the old Lancashire town of Preston belongs the special honour of having had the first church ever dedicated in England to St Wilfrid. The old parish church of Preston, in the hundred of Amounderness, (which always had great affinity with York) was building in the year 703, St. Wilfrid dying shortly after, in 709, it was dedicated to him.

At the "Battle of the Standard," 1138, fought near Northallerton, the banner of St. Wilfrid was there along with St. Peter, and St. John of Beverley.

In Ripon itself the bulk of the people know or care little about him. A tower of his Abbey Church is called "the Wilfrid Tower," and one day in the year is called "Wilfrid-Sunday;" these are the only reminiscences of a name once so famous in Yorkshire.

A LUCKY HAMPER.

By Margaret E. Merriman.

A good many years ago, there hung in one of the many picture exhibitions which form part of the sights of the London season, a large water-colour painting which attracted many people's attention. It represented merely that portion of the Marylebone Road where the Midland Hotel first comes into full view as you approach from the West; but the soft grey-blue haze that does duty for a summer sky in London, the green trees bordering the road, and the great handsome red building with its foreign air had been faithfully reproduced, and just sufficiently idealized to show how pretty a view can be obtained even in one of the busiest parts of much-abused London. But on a bitter cold, snowy afternoon in the middle of December, when the snow drives down the wide road before a biting east wind and thaws or freezes as it falls, apparently according to the vagaries of the wind aforesaid, the drive, or still more the walk, up that same Marylebone Road is a distinctly depressing beginning of a long afternoon's journey.

So thought Captain Lionel Walmisley, as he shrank into the corner of the hansom that was conveying him to the King's Cross Station, and pulled his muffler up closer round his throat and ears. He had only been in England since July.

The winter had begun early and threatened to be a very severe one, so the grumbling abuse he was fond of venting on the English climate was rather excusable. Besides, he was undergoing a trial that all of us suffer from, at various times and in various forms, when we are going pleasantly and easily along a road of our own choosing, and our Heavenly Father, suddenly as it seems, turns us aside into a narrow lane with hedges too high to see over, and occasionally full of ruts into the bargain.

Lionel was a born soldier. It had been his one idea ever since he could stand alone and fire a pop-gun, with a good deal of help and preparation. His father had been a distinguished officer, and one of the boy's earliest recollections was of sitting on his father's knee and lisping in his baby tongue the long names of the different battles in which the medals with which his little fingers were playing had been won. He could never remember a settled home till he was about twelve years old, when his father had died, not in battle after all, but a victim to the fatal climate of West Africa. Then his mother, a brave, high-spirited little woman, had, after the first shock was over, taken up her life again and made herself happy in the pleasant house at Kensington, where she had been waiting for her husband's return. He had been possessed of good private means, so she had little or no temporal anxiety, and she and her boy were devoted to one another. No idea of Lionel's following any profession but his father's ever dawned upon either of them. When all the medals came home they were mounted on a dark-red shield and hung in the dining-room rather high up, on purpose to leave room for a similar one of

Lionel's; and the swords, which formed a curious-looking adornment over the mantlepiece in his mother's bedroom, were only waiting there till he should need them. Neither would ever forget the day when she took them down and gave them to him. His regiment was almost immediately ordered out to India, and for some time all went well.

Then came a hot day when he felt unaccountably tired and depressed. A friend dropped in early in the evening and persuaded him to come out for a ride as the best cure for the headache, which seemed, as he phrased it, "to do for him somehow." They had not gone far before Lionel's young horse shied at some sudden noise in the "compound" of a house they were passing. Lionel, already unhinged and giddy, was thrown off, and in its frightened dance the horse trod on his right elbow before his friend could dismount. The injury served to develop the fever which had already seized upon him, and at the end of six months he was invalided home, his sword-arm stiff and useless—his health "not permanently injured, I *hope*," said the doctor, with rather ominous emphasis. However, when his mother had called in one of the first specialists in town and had had him thoroughly examined (to his great disgust) the verdict was more hopeful, but the fact remained that all hope of poor Lionel's medals ever hanging beside his father's was over; unless, as he said, with rather a feeble attempt at a laugh, he saved the life of the next fool who got drowned in the Serpentine, or tried to do so, and so obtained one from the Royal Humane Society.

He was "really very good, poor lad," said his mother, brave and patient as ever; but none the

less relieved was she when an invitation came for them to spend Christmas with some friends in Yorkshire, where she trusted to fresh associations and acquaintances to rouse him from the fits of depression that frequently seized him. She had started before him, as he had been obliged to be in town on a certain day, to make final arrangements relative to an appointment in the War Office, on which he was to enter at the New Year. So having introduced him thus at length, we will look at him again as he jumped out of his hansom and ordered the porter who seized on his belongings to get him a place in a first-class carriage.

Settled there a few minutes after, with a good supply of papers, he leant lazily back, watching the late-comers as they raced and scrambled for their places. Almost as the train was starting, the door of the carriage was thrown open; and he was conscious of feminine skirts, a child's head, and some appurtenances or other which poked and knocked his legs most unmercifully. The door banged, the train started, the new-comers fell on to their seats, provoking a merry peal of childish laughter, and as they settled themselves Captain Walmisley discovered that the obtrusive disturbers of his knees were a pair of small crutches, evidently belonging to the curly-haired little personage opposite to him—her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed with the hurry for the train, and set off by the coat and hood of dark-blue plush daintily trimmed with costly fur. As she wriggled into her seat he noticed that one small leg was in splints, and he watched with some interest as her companion, a girl apparently about five and twenty, wrapped the rug round her and deftly contrived to roll it so as to make

an easy rest for the poor little limb. Then she took her own seat, and producing a picture-book for her small charge, set to work herself on some soft bright knitting, answering gaily to the little one's chatter.

Lionel Walmisley had a natural liking for children. In his schoolboy days he had often been chaffed by his comrades for noticing the various children he came across, either as they haunted the school-gates or played by the road-side. He had been almost worshipped by the children of the regiment, and the attraction was still as strong as ever, so that before an hour had passed the little lame girlie with the winsome face was sitting on his knee—a support being contrived for her leg out of his rug and her own—and chatting happily over the pictures in the "Christmas Numbers" with which he supplied her. Even without her constant appeals to "Cousin Loulou," Lionel must have paid her companion some attention, but the child broke the ice so effectually that when a sudden movement of hers made him wince, the young lady said: "I am afraid Noelline hurt you some way, did she not?"

"Thank you; it is only my arm that is tender," he answered, as the little one looked up anxiously. "I got the elbow crushed last winter, and it is still painful at times."

"Then we've both got a poor," announced Miss Noelline; "you've got a poor arm and I've got a poor leg."

"How did you get your poor leg?" asked the Captain, smiling down at her.

"I don't remember," answered Noelline. "It's always been poor; and when the doctor sees it, it hurts."

Captain Walmisley looked across at the young lady for explanation.

"It is some contraction from a fall when she was quite a baby," said the girl; "but the doctor hopes to cure it by the time she grows up. She has to go to him every month and have the splints and boot differently weighted—that is why the doctor's looking at it hurts," smiling at Noelline as she spoke. "Her mother had a bad cold and a house full of visitors, so she could not bring her up this time, and I came with her instead."

"Have you far to go?" inquired Captain Walmisley, as a stop at a station revealed the fact that the gas was being lighted and the snow falling thickly.

"No, only to York," she answered. "My cousins live about three miles out of the city at Fontthorpe."

"Then," said the Captain, laughing, though half pityingly too, "I conclude it is Miss Lake who is doing me the honour to sit on my knee?"

He knew that these Lakes, son and daughter-in-law of a very old friend of his father's, had one only daughter about six years old, but that this dearly loved little one should be a cripple seemed so sad a trial, that he wondered his mother had not mentioned it when telling him of their invitation to her and himself to spend their Christmas at Fontthorpe.

The child answered his half-jesting speech with a grave nod. She was evidently not very strong, and was beginning to get weary, so at a suggestion from her cousin that she might tire her new friend's "poor arm," she consented to be transferred to that young lady's lap, where she speedily fell asleep.

Her two elders kept up a pleasant desultory conversation. Captain Walmisley discovered that his companion's proper name was Lucia Rivers, that her mother had been Lady Lake's cousin, and that after her parents' terribly sudden death from a carriage accident, the Lakes had invited her to make her home at Fontthorpe, as they were her nearest relations. She spoke so gratefully of their kindness that Captain Walmisley rather hastily decided that she was the proverbial "poor relation," though her dainty, well-chosen dress, plain and simple as it was, seemed hardly in keeping with such a supposition. He had not long arrived at this conclusion when the train slackened its pace, passed under the great bridge, and steamed into York station.

The Christmas scenes at such stations are familiar to most of us, especially to those who happen to have travelled on any of the days when the great public schools break up for the holidays. York station on this particular evening well sustained its character for bustle. Noelline was lifted tenderly out by the Captain, and at the same moment a footman came up and touched his hat, saying, "If you please, sir, Lady Lake thought you would not object to drive home with Miss Noelline and Miss Rivers; as it is such bad weather, Sir George did not want to send more than one pair of horses out."

The Captain signified his entire contentment with this arrangement. Noelline was carried off, crutches and all, by the footman, who returned to assist Miss Rivers in securing the rather numerous boxes and parcels that turned out of the luggage van. She had already amused Lionel with some of her adventures in the course of the Christmas shopping which Lady Lake had con-

fided to her, Noelline being left with the elderly housemaid who was taking charge of their house in Park Lane, where the cousins had been spending the last day or two. He could not help admiring the clear-headed energetic way in which she directed the porter he had secured for her to each small box or hamper as it turned out. Only once did she look puzzled, and that was when a clear boyish voice sang out, "Hooray! there's that basket at last!" and a pair of long legs, with arms to match, scrambled over the piles of luggage, seized a little round hamper out of the porter's hand, and raced off down the platform to catch a train which almost instantly moved out of a siding. Another little hamper, twin brother to the one the boy had carried off, turned up immediately after, but it had no label on it.

"I am pretty sure that is mine," Miss Rivers said, "but that young gentleman went off so quickly with the other, that I could not be certain, and this one has no direction on it."

"Directions often comes off this time of the year, ma'am," answered the porter with a grin, "I'll send it with your things, and if it ain't for you, you can easy send it back again." With which he put the basket on the top of the pile on his truck and wheeled it off, Miss Rivers and her escort following.

The footman piloted them to the carriage, where Noelline was eager to show the arrangements of rugs and foot-warmers she had been making for them, the door was shut and the carriage drove off, closely followed by the cart with the luggage. The wind had gone down, but the snow still fell thickly. Two or three times Captain Walmisley rubbed the steam from the window and tried

to look out, but nothing was to be seen except the hedges and an occasional ghost-like tree. Presently the carriage stopped, an interchange of shouts resulted in the opening of a big gate, and Noelline clapped her hands and announced, "Now we're at home!" In a few minutes more the carriage stopped. Noelline was lifted out and carried up a long flight of broad, stately steps, her two elders following in time to see her almost spring out of the servant's arms into those of her mother, a fair-haired, pleasant-faced lady, not beautiful but thoroughly kindly and sensible-looking. Close beside her stood Lionel's mother, and a confusion of greetings ensued, only put a stop to by Lady Lake's information that the young people had scarcely twenty minutes in which to dress for dinner. Acting upon this hint they followed her as she moved upstairs, saying to Captain Walmisley—

"You won't mind sleeping in the old part of the house, I am sure! Lucia and Noelline generally have it all to themselves, but there is one other room into which I sometimes put a guest, as it can be entirely shut off from them."

Noelline had crutched herself upstairs in front of the party and was hopping along at a great rate ahead. They followed the tap of her crutches to the entrance of a corridor which turned off at right angles to the rest of the house. Down this she and Miss Rivers disappeared, and Lady Lake followed them, as soon as she had opened a door which revealed a cheery blaze of fire and candles, and laughingly bidden the Captain not to be late or she should set his mother to scold him. He accordingly made all speed with his toilette; vanity was not one of his failings as far as his personal looks were concerned, or

he might have been conscious that even the hideousness of ordinary masculine "dress" attire could not spoil the effect of his tall athletic figure, fair hair and moustache, and keen grey eyes under the straight, intellectual brow.

He had stayed at Fontthorpe several times as a boy and knew the house well, so he had no difficulty as to descending to the drawing-room. On the stairs he met an old school-fellow whom he had not seen since they parted—Lionel for Sandhurst, and Frank Eldon for Oxford—and as they paused in the hall to exchange greetings, mingled with surprise and pleasure, Miss Rivers came downstairs and passed them. Captain Walmisley noticed the look of admiration on his friend's face, and asked, "Who, or rather what, is Miss Rivers? She and the poor little girl came down with me, and she told me she was a cousin of Lady Lake's, but I fancied she might be doing governess to the child."

"Oh dear, no," was the answer, "she has no other relations, and lives here. Lady Lake almost makes an elder daughter of her; the only difficulty is that she is a Catholic, which, however, they don't seem to mind. Come along into the drawing-room, you'll soon see for yourself."

They entered the drawing-room accordingly, finding most of the company assembled. Lionel saw his mother sitting near the fire, the centre of a group, who were looking over various little paper-covered books ominous of private theatricals. He went and joined her, but had scarcely been introduced to her acquaintances before dinner was announced, and he found himself paired off with Miss Rivers. She was dressed in some soft sheeny material of pale pink hue, made in quaint old-world style with elbow-ruffles and long sweep-

ing train. Lionel noted how well the soft flush of colour suited the clear, pale skin and dark chestnut hair, only adorned with a great fragrant tree-carnation just matching the colour of her dress, and a spray or two of some fern. He wondered he had not noticed before how quietly and well she walked, and what a sort of repose there was about her, in spite of her bright, quick ways. All this passed confusedly through his mind, even while she remarked that their present surroundings were pleasanter than the platform at the station. The little bustle of taking their places prevented his replying at the moment, but did not prevent his noticing the quiet signing of the Cross, evidently *not* in response to the grace rather pompously pronounced by an elderly clergyman at Lady Lake's right hand. When he did answer it was to say, "I admired your coolness in the middle of all the scrimmage. I should have used strong language to those porters pretty often if I had been in your place."

"Well, it's just as hard on them," she replied; "the only time I felt bothered was over that hamper, and I did not want to make much fuss, there was such a horrid-looking man watching me closely the whole time."

"Where was he? I never saw him."

"He was standing just behind you then—a tall man, well-dressed enough, with a very plain face and the eyes singularly close together. I noticed him all the way down. The few times the train stopped he always sauntered past the carriage and looked in. I thought perhaps he was attracted by Noelline, but he had such an evil look it can't have been that. I did not say anything, partly on her account, and partly because I thought it might be only fancy."

At this moment the butler approached Sir George Lake.

"If you please, Sir George, Bridges says what shall he do with the puppy! Do you want it indoors?"

"Puppy! What puppy? I didn't know there was one, beside the greyhounds."

"The black puppy that came down in the hamper from London, sir."

"Puppy from London! Is it one you fell in love with, Lucia?" asked Sir George, in great amusement.

"No, indeed," said Lucia; "and I don't doubt that we have deprived a boy of his special pet." And she told of her perplexity about the hamper, and her uneasy conviction that she had got the wrong one.

"Well, let's see the hamper," said Sir George, "and the puppy too," he called after the man, who was just going out of the room.

So in about two minutes there landed in Lucia's lap a fluffy, woolly, black person, with a wise round head, and big paws, and a pair of bright eyes looking rather perplexed at the chorus of "What a dear! What sort is he?" from the ladies, and the comments of the gentlemen on the stupidity of sending such a valuable retriever without seeing that the basket was properly labelled, and a dog-ticket taken for its occupant, instead of trusting him to the care of a wild schoolboy.

"I wonder where the fellow was going," said Sir George; "did you see what train he got into?"

"One that started from a siding almost immediately," answered Captain Walmisley, "he had a near run for it."

"Scarborough and Whitby," said another gentleman; "but of course one can't tell which."

"No," chimed in Lionel's friend, Frank Eldon; "and what's more, he mayn't live in either of them, but in some neighbouring village."

"Well, we can't do anything to-night," said Sir George, "nor to-morrow, seeing it's Sunday; but on Monday I'll either go or write to the station-master to say that if any inquiries are made after the dog, we are keeping him till he is claimed, as he is too valuable to be sent adrift."

"Let me keep him to-night," said Lucia; "see, he has quite taken to me." He was lying quietly in her lap, blinking sleepily, and evidently intending to make the best of circumstances.

"Oh, keep him by all means," said Sir George, "you've a born knack for infants of any number of mouths and legs, besides, he is too big to be much trouble at night; he won't be like Boxer."

"Well, I know you were very grateful to me for saving Boxer's life," she answered, gaily, "though you pretended to scold me for sitting up with him."

"So I was, my dear," answered Sir George, "which is exactly why I am trusting you with that really valuable piece of goods in your lap."

But at this juncture the ladies rose, and Lucia passed out of the dining-room with her woolly, black pet resting against her shoulder, and Captain Walmisley shut the door upon her, with a queer sensation about him that no woman had ever roused before. How he wished he could have seen that fellow she described, and had the pleasure of knocking him down! But therewith came two awkward recollections—first, that you can hardly knock a man down for standing

on a railway platform waiting for his luggage and watching other people get theirs; and secondly, that in all human probability his stiff elbow would prevent his ever enjoying that peculiarly English gratification again. He had learnt to use his left hand freely enough for all ordinary purposes, and could still write and do a good deal with the right one, but if it came to hitting out!—and at this point his meditations were broken in upon by Frank Eldon's mischievous question as to whether he intended to adopt the puppy. He answered gaily enough, that keeping a big dog in a London house was cruelty to animals that ought to be punished by law. But this brought on a lengthy discussion on dogs and their doings, so that it was late when they joined the ladies.

Lionel went over to his mother—his chivalrous devotion to her was often remarked in society—and he sat down by her now, joining in the conversation, but with his eyes wandering to where Lucia sat, still at work on the gay-coloured knitting she had been occupied with in the train. Some lady asked what it was, and she held it up, showing how it would develop into a jaunty little cap, one of a number intended for a school Christmas-tree. When the ladies went up to their rooms, he pleaded fatigue as an excuse for soon following their example. When he arrived upstairs he flung himself into the big armchair that stood by the fire and set himself to think, though he could have given no very clear account of his thoughts, except an odd consciousness that, as he phrased it, "he was an awful humbug." Here were his mother and all his people making such a fuss over him and his arm, and his altered life, when after all there was plenty of

good still to be got out of it, and here were the Lakes, their only child and heiress a cripple, and the little one herself, bright and winsome, and scarcely seeming to feel her "poor leg" any trouble. "But then—look at Miss Rivers," said he to himself, after which his musings got pleasantly vague, and having by this time arrived at his bed they passed into dreams before he was aware.

Next day was a cold black thaw. When the party assembled for breakfast Miss Rivers did not appear, and on some one inquiring for her Sir George made answer:

"Oh, she spends the day in York. Her mother was a Catholic, converted after her marriage and then turned her husband too. A great pity, wasn't it? Still I must say I like the way Lucia sticks to her gun without making any fuss about it. There is a short cut through the lanes which gets her to the Convent in Micklegate in less than an hour's walk, and she stays there all day. Some one from here generally drives to the Minster in the afternoon, and picks her up on the road home, or else I send the carriage for her."

Captain Walmisley wondered when the day would come to an end, and devoted himself chiefly to Noelline and the puppy, the latter having made himself quite at home. Yet strange to say the Captain declined to make one of the party who started after luncheon for the drive into York, in a large covered waggonette generally termed by Lady Lake, "the van." He said he had letters to write, and betook himself to his mother's rooms for the purpose.

Lady Lake had given her friend a pretty bedroom and small dressing or sitting-room opening

from it, and here Lionel found her, as she was afraid to venture out in the damp, and mother and son spent the afternoon together. Very little letter-writing was done, but a good deal of talk, and Mrs. Walmisley was half amused and half sad at the frequent recurrence of Miss Rivers's name. Not that Lionel had never been *épris* before. His mother was quite accustomed to his ravings, as she called them, over first one pretty girl and then another, but she had watched her boy last night, and knew that Lucia Rivers was for the first time stirring the heart that had hitherto been all her own. No thought of jealousy had come with the knowledge, her only trouble was Lucia's faith; but she said to herself, "Perhaps I am only prejudiced. I'm afraid my boy and I have never thought enough about such things, and if that girl is only half what Marian Lake describes her, she will teach Lionel nothing but what is good."

That night Captain Walmisley was unusually wakeful. He wooed that coyest of maidens, sleep, in every possible manner, but sleep would not come. The thaw still continued, warm, soft damp had replaced the bitter cold of the preceding week. The only sound to be heard was the steady drip, drip of the water down the stack-pipe outside, but to Lionel it sounded strangely like footsteps. His hearing was very acute and had been sharpened still more by his Indian experiences, and he soon distinguished two separate sounds, alike, yet distinct. One was unquestionably the dripping of the melted snow, the other——? He went and looked out of the window, but it was too dark to see anything but the roofs of kitchens and out-houses immediately below, and a dark mass of trees and shrubs beyond.

At that moment a whine and bark from the puppy struck upon his ear. Miss Rivers' sitting-room was next door and opened into the same passage, but that door was kept locked as a rule, and she entered generally through her bedroom. The passage was one of those peculiarly capricious ones often found in old houses, and it took a sudden turn before that part into which Lucia's bedroom, and two similar ones occupied by little Noelline, opened. Lucia had begged for these rooms, on account of their having a good light for painting, though her cousins often told her they did not at all like her being "Q in the corner," as if there were no other rooms for her in the house. Again the little dog whined, not in complaint, but in anger. Under what impulse he acted Lionel never knew till long after, but he was in his clothes and in the passage in less time than it takes to write, perfectly conscious meanwhile that a disturbance of some sort was going on in Miss Rivers's rooms.

The first thing he encountered in the passage was Lucia herself, ghastly white but cool and resolute. She held out a pistol to him.

"There is a man in my room, locked in ; he may get out of the window ; please get some one quick," she said, quietly, but clearly. "This pistol is his, I got hold of it ; it is loaded."

He rushed in a moment up to where the men-servants slept on the top floor, bidding her rouse Sir George meanwhile. In a minute or two more there was a violent ring at the front-door bell, and on Sir George opening it three or four police-men and some half-dozen of other men stood there.

"We've done it well, Sir George," said a man who was evidently master of the party. "These three fellows here have given me a great deal

of trouble, but we have managed to track them here to-night and prevent their doing any harm. This fellow," pointing to one of the culprits, "has been up into somebody's bedroom, and I'd like to be sure he hasn't hurt them, and we must search him besides."

"I haven't got anything," said the man, with a disagreeable laugh; "the young lady was too quick and too cool. You should take her into your profession."

His impertinence turned all eyes on him, and Captain Walmisley noticed with a sudden start the peculiarly evil look of the face and the very close proximity of the sharp dark eyes.

"It was Miss Rivers's room," said Sir George. "Marian," to his wife, who, alarmed but quiet, was watching the scene from half-way downstairs, "just see if Lucia can come and identify the fellow, will you?"

The Captain never forgot the sight of the figure that came so quietly down the stairs, in a soft, deep-red tea-gown with creamy lace falling round her throat and arms, her hair in one long plait coiled into a great knot, but otherwise exactly as she had looked the previous afternoon dispensing cups of five-o'clock tea. Lady Lake was far the more agitated of the two, as they moved into Sir George's justice-room, where Lucia told her tale shortly and distinctly.

She had been awakened by the puppy's whining and had got up to see to it. She was bending over his basket with her back to the sitting-room window, when the dog whined still more angrily, and, turning round, she saw the man standing inside the window, the sash of which he had contrived to raise so noiselessly that she was not aware of it. She moved quickly

towards him, intending, as she said, to drive him out into the house, and then give the alarm. Thrown off his guard by her intrepidity and the swiftness of her manœuvre, the man fell into the trap and moved on into her bedroom. She followed, locking the door between the two rooms. This apparently roused the man's normal instincts, and without speaking he cocked the pistol at her. She sprang forwards, struck up his arm with a sharp blow on the elbow-joint, snatched the pistol with the other hand, flew into the passage, locking that door also, and, meeting Captain Walmisley, begged him to rouse the men.

"Where's the pistol?" was Sir George's only comment.

"Here," answered the Captain, producing it.

"Loaded, sure enough," said the magistrate. "What have you got to say for yourself, sir?" turning to the chief offender.

"I never meant to fire at her," said the man. "We don't do that sort of thing, but most ladies are so scared at the sight of a pistol, it's a safe way to keep them quiet just to show it."

"May I ask one question, Sir George?" said Captain Walmisley. "Miss Rivers, is this the man you noticed on the journey down on Saturday afternoon?"

"Yes," she answered, looking fixedly at the culprit. "He is differently dressed now. On Saturday he had a dark grey tie with a white pattern on it and a tall hat; but I think I should know his face anywhere."

"The lady's description is correct as far as it goes," said the man in plain clothes, who was evidently a detective. "I had orders to come down with him, for it was well known he was coming to York, though at that time I did not

know where he meant to begin. If you'll just sign this declaration, sir, we need not keep you up any longer, but I'm afraid the young lady will have to be called as a witness."

"That can't be helped," said Sir George. "Marian, just put her back into her bed for the present, will you, and see that she goes to sleep." He patted her shoulder in a fatherly fashion that for the first time brought a quiver round the firm lips, and she was thankful to get back into her room. The poor puppy was whining anxiously to know what all the confusion meant, and Lady Lake ended by picking him up and putting him into Lucia's arms as she tucked her up in bed.

She was down in good time next morning, a little pale and heavy-eyed, but otherwise none the worse; and met all the congratulations on her escape and praises of her courage with her usual simple composure, displaying her new pet as the real hero of the occasion. But Lionel watched his opportunity, and in the course of the morning, which was so wet as to doom most of the party to indoors occupations, he contrived to stand by the table where she was painting and to ask unheard, "Were not you really frightened last night?"

"Yes, horribly," she answered; "but there was no time for that."

"Well, I can't understand your entire coolness and quickness. You might have been an old soldier. I'm not paying compliments. It really is a thing that puzzles me, your courage and readiness at such a time."

"I'll give you the real reason then," she said, with a grave, sweet look that thrilled him through. "I just asked my Guardian Angel to help me and show me what to do."

She went on with her work, and he sat looking at her. Was this, then, what it meant to be a Catholic? A new world suddenly opened before him. He knew he had been very near death scarcely a year ago—and then? Chance teachings of his boyhood came back, but as he tried to think them out he felt their incompleteness.

At length came the day when the burglars were to be tried. His mother had returned home, but Lionel stayed on at Sir George's invitation, having also been called as a witness. Few positions in this world can be imagined less dignified or more trying, and Captain Walmisley could not help feeling indignant at the idea of Lucia's being subjected to such an ordeal. Just at Christmastime he had not seen very much of her, as she had spent the Feast itself and the two or three subsequent days in York. He had done his best to console himself with little Noelline, who was in many ways older than her years, and a very amusing little companion. Moreover, her constant repetition of Lucia's name and perpetual quotation of her cousin's sayings and doings made pleasant music in his ears, and he found himself beginning to dread the day of the trial as putting a term to his pleasant sojourn at Fontthorpe. Lucia's nocturnal visitor had proved to be such a well-known character that considerable interest was excited, not only in the neighbourhood, but in London, when it was known that the presence of mind and cool courage of a young lady had been the means of so disconcerting him as materially to aid in his capture. If Lionel had admired Miss Rivers before, he admired her ten times more now, when, after a rather silent drive into York, and a long and nervous waiting while some previous case was concluded, the excitement visibly

increased, and the man whom they had last seen in Sir George's justice-room stood before them in the dock, his sinister countenance looking still more forbidding in full daylight. Almost before Lionel had realized that the preliminaries had been gone through, Sir George was saying, "Now, my dear," and Lucia's name was resounding through the court. It seemed like a hideous dream when she stood in front of all those faces, flushed, but quiet, as she bent to arrange with the clerk to be allowed to use her own Testament instead of the well-worn copy of King James's which he offered her. A strange hush fell over the court as she answered simply and clearly to the first few questions. Then, as they showered on her quick and fast, her clear-headedness and coolness stood her in good stead; and her examination ended with a pompous compliment from the judge, and high praise from the lesser notables, as a model witness, after which she and Lady Lake were escorted to the carriage in a sort of triumph.

The puppy was never claimed, in spite of all inquiries, and remained as Lucia's property, teasingly called by Lady Lake "The Foundling."

"And I suppose they were married?" Yes, they were. Lionel Walmisley, once roused to a sense of things eternal, never rested till he discovered where all truth was to be found; and when next autumn he came again to Fontthorpe and told Lucia what he had done, her warm congratulations emboldened him, as he owned, "to make a rush for it," of which no one but The Foundling was a witness. And the wedding that ensued has been the talk of that side the country ever since.

UNFAITHFUL.

By Joseph Carmichael.

It is many a year since I first became housekeeper to Father Fortescue—more than I care to count—and, as you see, I am growing old and grey. I doubt if I shall see many more years. It is not every priest that will care to keep a servant after she gets feeble and useless, but his Reverence will never listen to any word of a change. He even made me bring my sister's girl, Katie (she's Lancashire bred, like me), to help me with the rough work, and get a bit of training, so that she may fill my place, please God, when I am gone. Not that I've ever wished to leave a home which has been a happy one to me, and a holy one too, since I was a strong woman grown, for his Reverence is kindness itself. All that I have reason to complain of is that he neglects himself more than I like; but he was always a bit wilful in that way. Many's the time he's laughed me off with, "Why, Mary, do you want to make an old woman of me?" when I tried to get him to wrap up more, or to take a glass of wine now and again if over-pressed with work; and in the end he always got his own way.

He's getting a bit grizzled now, but he was a fine figure of a priest when he came here fresh from

college to take the place of old Father McNaughton (rest his soul !). A tall, fine young man—with a bright laughing eye and a crop of black curly hair—he was. And many's the change we've seen since he came—a new church, fit for a cathedral, new schools (and well filled), and a convent of nuns to look after the children and to visit the sick poor. Ah ! he's the real priest if ever there was one. See the students he's sent to the seminary—one of my nephews, Katie's brother, among them, and he'll be a priest, please God, in another two years. Look at the young girls he has sent to convents, and good nuns they have made. It's a strange thing, is a vocation. Folks have often wondered to me why I never joined as a lay sister, loving Church as I do, and me with no wish to marry, though many's the chance I've had. But there, if one hasn't the vocation what's the use of talking ! I love the Sisters, and that dear Mother Agnes is the sweetest little angel one could wish to have for a Mother ; and yet I never had any more inclination for the convent than for marriage. You see, I never felt the call, for I should be the last to close my ears to it, however careless I may be in other matters ; and surely the lesson I've had in that way would be enough to make me fearful of flying in the face of Providence by resisting such a grace if I had it. I could tell you a story about lost vocations which I learnt from my own experience, sad enough to be a warning for any one inclined to be careless in those matters.

It must be twenty years ago now since Arthur Murphy was a bright, pious lad serving on the altar. Never a Sunday did he miss either of the Masses or Vespers, and as often as not he was

ready to serve on weekdays too. His mother was a widow—a good, respectable body, with a small pension, for her husband was a soldier and died in the service. It was plain to every one what kind of army the boy would join. None of us wondered to see him at last starting off for the seminary as bright and happy as his good mother was thankful. He used to write to me sometimes (for I had sent him a cake or so from time to time, and he was always a good-mannered boy to thank a body for any little thing), and he always spoke so hopefully of being a priest some day that it warmed one's heart to read his letters.

We were all delighted when the time came for a visit home for a few weeks, before he started for Rome to begin his college training. I didn't want to own it even to myself, but I was disappointed in Arthur when he did come. Young men are not just as they were when they were boys, I know, and no one would expect it; but there was more change in him than I cared to see. There was a manner about him which didn't seem to fit in with my notions of what a Church student ought to be, and it struck me that he might have been oftener seen at church than he was. By and by gossip began to spread, as it will in a small place where one Catholic is known to all the rest. People said he was too much at the Leightons', going there in an evening and singing with them, and staying supper nearly every night. "And what harm if he is?" I said to John Carvell, our gardener (a quiet, steady man enough), when he began to tell me the tales that were flying about. "There's no one there to take much interest in him except Margaret, and she's half a nun already." The Leightons were respectable folk, to be sure, but

very stiff and bigoted—Particular Baptists, they called themselves—all but Margaret.

She was a convert, and a pretty little thing, as pious and well-mannered as you'd wish to see. It was no secret that she was to enter the convent on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, and this was August, and her black dresses all ready, as I knew. It was quite likely that her friends would do all they could to encourage Arthur to go there—for what do Protestants understand about such things as vocations ?—but I had no fear for Margaret. I have learned at my time of life to take no heed to gossip, but at last it seemed only right to speak to his Reverence when Katie, who was always kept out of the way of gossips, came in one evening with her eyes almost out of her head with wonder and fright. She had taken the short cut by the river bank back from some errands in the town, and there she had suddenly come across Arthur and Margaret Leighton hand in hand. They looked confused when they saw her, "and well they might," said Katie, "and Arthur fixed to be a priest, too!" I gave her a sharp word or two to quiet her, but I took occasion to let his Reverence know what I had heard. He told me to say nothing to any one, but to leave it to him. The next day he had Arthur in his study for two hours and more; and the boy (for he was but twenty) came out with a dogged look on his face that I didn't like to see there, for all he was so pale and trembling. When I took his Reverence's supper in that evening, he told me that Arthur had given up the idea of the priesthood, and that he had got him a good situation as clerk in one of the factories. As for Margaret, it soon got about that she had changed her mind about the convent, and

was engaged to be married to young Murphy. Her friends were delighted at the change, and they made no secret of it. She, poor thing, did not look as if she had found much happiness. I could not help thinking that she had been worried and coaxed into the arrangement by those bigots. She came just as regularly to church—and even oftener—for her little quiet visits, and, watching her sometimes on a Sunday, I could see her wistful glance across to where the Sisters and the children sat in the north aisle. "It's plain enough," said Katie to me, with a flushed face, "that Margaret Leighton would be a nun to-morrow if they'd only leave her alone. What does Arthur Murphy mean by tampering with her vocation like he has done? Sure it's bad enough to have lost his own, without forcing other folks to give up theirs!" I had to check her, but I felt the same myself.

Two or three years slipped by, and the matter was forgotten by most people. Arthur was getting on in the world. He was very quick at business, people said, and his employers would not lose him for anything. He must have been earning a good salary, and he was always steady and saving, so that he managed to get ready a very comfortable little home for Margaret in the third year after his leaving the seminary, and in the spring they were married. There was quite a crowd in our little church to see it. I couldn't bring myself to go in till Mass began, and then I slipped into a corner to say my beads for them. You see, I'd known them both so well, and had pictured such a different future for them, and this seemed such a disappointment. I got a peep at them as they came down from the altar. He was always a handsome fellow, and looked

very proud and self-satisfied, I thought. He was no longer the cheerful, bright-tempered boy I had known, though; three years had worked their changes. She looked wretched, in spite of her pretty white dress and veil. Her face was pale and drawn, and her eyes were red with crying. "Well," thought I, "it's over now, and why should I bother? They have had the blessing of the Church, and that ought to put things right." So I meant every word of the congratulations I offered them when I saw them, and bore no ill-will in any way.

They settled down in their pretty home, and everything seemed to promise a happy future. Worldly prosperity was theirs, but not much happiness seemed to come. The first baby was still-born. The second only lived long enough to receive baptism. The third was a beautiful boy, with his mother's face and fair hair, but he was stone-blind. She, poor thing, was always delicate and ailing, and, though they had a little servant, the house was not well looked after—it always seemed muddled and untidy. Arthur had always been the pink of neatness, and he took to going more into company. Folks said that he kept late hours, and sometimes took more to drink than was good for him. Unpleasant stories began to pass about amongst their neighbours. Cries and blows had been heard late at night on his return home from some of his drinking parties. I hate gossip, but still there might be something at the bottom of it all, and so I ventured to tell his Reverence. He questioned me a good deal, and then he said with a sigh, "Ah! Mary, it sounds bad enough, but after all you can only believe half you hear. Pray for them, that's the best way to help them." But he

did more, as I heard from the neighbours, for he called on them, and evidently did good, for there were no more stories for a time. The two came to their duties together one morning soon after this, although she had always been regular before, which I cannot say he was.

The little blind boy grew up a perfect picture. His mother, poor thing, wretched-looking still, would bring him with her to early Mass, and he would kneel by her like a lamb, saying his little prayers all the time, though he was but five. Arthur came less and less, until he would miss even the Sunday Mass.

One week-day morning—it was a Friday—Margaret was at Holy Communion. I was glad to see her there, for the old rumours were about again, and I knew she needed all the strength she could get to bear up under her hard lot. She looked so weak and ill as she came out that I begged her to come into my kitchen and take a cup of tea before going home. She was most grateful, and when she rose to leave shook hands with me and thanked me very prettily for my kindness. The tears welled up in her eyes as she said, "Pray for me, Mary, and pray for my poor Arthur; I can't get him to church now, and last time Father Fortescue called Arthur was very angry, and threatened to call the police if he dared to show his face again in our house." "Ah, my dear!" I said to soothe her, "he's got a good heart but a strong temper. Let us pray for him, and all will come right." She shook her head sorrowfully. "It's the judgement of God upon us both," she cried, as she pulled down her veil, and ran down the garden path and into the street without another word.

It was that same evening, about ten o'clock,

that a Catholic woman who lived close to the Murphys came running in with only a shawl over her head (a fearful stormy night it was), and called for his Reverence to come quick to Mrs. Murphy, "for there's been terrible doings there, Mrs. Sebright," she said to me as she gave her message. His Reverence took the woman into his study to make inquiries, and then hurried out to me. "Mary," he said, and he looked very pale and excited, "put on your bonnet and run down to the Murphys as soon as possible; you may be of use. I will follow at once with the Holy Oils."

It took me but a few minutes to get to the house. My heart was fearful for that poor girl. A crowd of people stood round the door, and a policeman was keeping them from entering. "Here's the priest's housekeeper," said a Catholic man, as I ran up, and they made way for me. The constable knew me very well by sight, and let me pass, pushing me kindly forward towards the little sitting-room, where a lamp was burning. I shall never forget the sight I saw. Poor Margaret lay on the couch, and two or three women who had lifted her up from the floor, where a great blood-stain in the carpet showed she had been lying before, were trying to stanch the blood which was streaming from a fearful wound in her head. Her features were scarcely recognizable, for the face had been battered about with some heavy weapon (a large brass candlestick it proved to be, for we found it lying on the floor afterwards), and her clothes were all besmeared with blood. What made it all the more pitiful was that the little blind child was nestling close to her on the couch, calling to her to speak to him, and kissing her bleeding face. His little hands and his pretty fair curls were all stained with

blood. I did what I could to help poor Margaret. The child soon cried himself to sleep, and was carried off to a neighbour's. We bound up the wounds in the poor girl's head, and bathed her face, but it was little we could do. The doctor came in just as Father Fortescue got there, and one glance was enough for him. "You can do more than I in this case, Father Fortescue," he said; "she cannot live more than a few minutes." We left his Reverence with her, and then returned to help at the anointing. The poor thing was just conscious, and only lasted till Extreme Unction had been given, passing away quite quietly.

I learnt afterwards from the woman next door the particulars of that dreadful night. Arthur, it seemed, had come in earlier than usual; he had been steadily drinking all the evening, and had sent out the little servant with threats to get more brandy. It was during her absence that the neighbour and her daughter had been terrified by hearing fearful oaths and blasphemies shouted by Arthur, and then loud blows and piercing cries from the poor wife. Then after a time the cries ceased, and the frightened women, watching from the shadow of their own doorway, saw the man running down the street towards the riverside without a hat, stumbling forward with drunken lurches, but never breathing a word. They ran at once to the house, and there, in the entrance passage, was the little blind child groping his way to the door (the blood that was on his fingers had dabbled the wall-paper), and crying out to some one to "come and help mammy." Poor little dear! The nuns took him in charge afterwards until his Reverence got him into a Catholic orphanage.

The body of poor Arthur was found next day in the river. He had rushed off to his death when his soddened brain began to realize the mischief he had worked and could never undo. The verdict at the inquest was "Found drowned."

"That may do very well for a coroner," said John Carvell, when he told me about it, "but he died the death of a Judas, for his two hands were tight locked behind his back." "Ah, John," I said, "he may have acted the Judas in his life-time, but God alone knows the state of his soul when the end came. We shall do well to pray for him as well as for his poor wife, and to pray for ourselves too that we may never trifle with any grace of God."

The Ember Days.

By Dom Columba Edmonds, O.S.B.

The Church of the New Testament, which dates from the Day of Pentecost, ten days after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord, is the only lawful continuation of that body of men acknowledged by God as peculiarly His own.

Under the Old Dispensation, as well as under the New, we find ascetical observances, which tend to dispose the soul for the reception of grace, regulated by a lawful authority. Many of the works of asceticism and devotion enjoined by the Church at the present day are substantially the same as those formerly in use in the Church of the Jews. The Psalter, for instance, which was the manual of the Temple and the Synagogue, became in its entirety the prayer-book of the Christian Church; and many of the time-honoured observances of Jewish devotion still exist among Catholics, though under changed circumstances. Indeed, it is very probable that the arrangements connected with Temple worship suggested many of the ritual practices with which we are familiar in the Liturgy of to-day.

A similar conservative spirit regulated the Church's distribution throughout the year of fast and festival. Thus the Pasch has become our Easter, Pentecost our Whitsuntide, and the Day of Atonement has developed into the fast of Lent.

Fasting held an important place among the ascetical observances of the Jews, for in addition to the prescribed annual fast on the Day of Atonement, many

others became eventually customary, as may be gathered from the Books of the Old and New Testament*. In the Christian Church fasts were also instituted, to keep before the minds of the faithful the absolute necessity of doing penance. Among these the Ember Days hold a prominent place. Indeed, on account of their antiquity, they may not incorrectly be ranked in importance next to the holy fast of Lent. Here again we seem to have a practice handed down from the Old Dispensation, for in the Prophecy of Zacharias a fourfold fast is thus indicated: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: the fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth, shall be to the house of Juda, joy, and gladness, and great solemnities†." St. Jerome‡ gives statements of certain historical events which these fasts were intended to commemorate, and although they have no particular significance in the present observance of Ember Days, nevertheless the idea of instituting fasts similar to those mentioned by the Prophet, evidently suggested itself early in the history of Christianity.

The Latin title for the Ember fast is *Jejunia quatuor temporum*, usually shortened to *quatuor tempora*. This title merely designates the occurrence of the fasts four times in the course of each year. A somewhat different form is given in the Leofric Missal §, where we find *Legitimum jejunium* as a heading of the Ember Masses. This is evidently in allusion to a term employed in the Book of Leviticus ‖. The name used in most European languages for the Ember Days has been derived from the Latin *quatuor tempora*, either by translation, as *Quarter tense* (sometimes used in English), and *Quatre temps* in French; or by a corruption of the original, as the German *Quatember*, and the Dutch *Quatertemper*. Some writers think our English word *Ember* is due to a similar popular corruption of the Latin term; but others again,

* Numbers xxx. 13; Joel i. 14; St. Matt. vi. 16; St. Matt. ix. 14; St. Luke xviii. 12, &c.

† Zach. viii. 19. ‡ *In Zachariam* viii.

§ A missal used in the eleventh century. ‖ Levit. xxiii.

and these perhaps with more show of probability indentify it with an old English word *Ymber, or Ymbren*, which signified a circuit, hence a period or revolution of time. Be this as it may, the opinion which connects the word with embers, in the sense of ashes, is wanting in authority.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Ember fasts, it is of interest to note that the Orientals do not observe them. According to some of the weightiest Christian authorities, they were instituted during the Apostolic age. The Roman Breviary, on October 14th, when speaking of the Acts of Pope St. Callistus (A. D. 221), says: "He confirmed the institution of the Ember fasts, the observance of which had been received by tradition from the Apostles." One of the earliest passages relating to these same seasons is said to occur in a treatise of Philastrius, Bishop of Brescia, who lived in the middle of the fourth century. A more definite connection, however, between the Ember fasts and the four seasons is to be found in the Sermons of St. Leo the Great (A. D. 440). This holy Pontiff gives the contemporary Roman usage in the following words: "We observe the spring fast in Lent, the summer fast at Pentecost, the autumn fast in the seventh month, and the winter fast during the month which is styled the tenth*." Here we see clearly indicated the four seasons with corresponding Ember-tides, as observed in Rome during the fifth century.

The Roman custom, however, as to fixed times, was not universal. The fast of the seventh and tenth months appear to have been generally kept as at present, but for many centuries, certainly as late as the eleventh, the spring fast was not everywhere fixed for the opening week of Lent; in some instances we read of its observance during the first week of the month of March †. The summer fast was subject to a similar variation; the second week of June being the ordinary

* Serm. xix. c.2.

† *Vide* Gelasian Sacramentary; decrees of Council of Mayence, &c.

time of its observance. It was only after repeated decrees of such Councils as Placentia (A. D. 1095) and Clermont, that it was finally appointed to be kept, throughout the whole Church, during the octave of Pentecost. From these later enactments of Councils, one is led to conclude, that in earlier ages, outside Rome at least, the four fasts were determined by civil, rather than by ecclesiastical calculation.

With regard to the fixed times for observing the Ember Days in England, some writers affirm that St. Gregory the Great regulated them; in any case, the English practice of the eighth century, as handed down by trustworthy authority, is probably an early proof of the Roman tradition*. According to the present discipline of the Church, the Ember seasons are fixed for the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday following (1) the first Sunday of Lent, (2) Whitsunday, (3) Holy Cross day, September 14th, (4) St. Lucy's day, December 13th, or as it is sometimes expressed, after the third Sunday of Advent. In order to impress these dates upon the mind, popular verses were composed; those quoted by Ferraris † are as follows: *Post Cin.*, *post Pen.*, *post Cru.*, *post Lu.*, and obviously refer to the Latin designation of the respective days after which the Ember-tides are bound to occur.

The observance of Wednesday and Friday as days of penance dates back to the earliest days of Christianity. They were *station*, or fasting days, as Tertullian ‡ remarks on which it was customary to prolong the fast till the ninth hour (*i.e.*, three, p.m.). Wednesday and Friday were selected as fasts, because on those days respectively the betrayal of our Lord was planned, and His crucifixion accomplished. These two weekly fasts are, moreover, enjoined by the sixty-ninth of the Apostolical canons.

The Saturday fast was not of universal observance. According to early Eastern tradition, as embodied in the Apostolical Canons and ancient writings, Saturday

*Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, iii. 52. †Ferraris, tom. vii.
‡ *De jejuniis.* [Tertullian, third century.]

was always kept as a festal day in memory of the creation and the rest of God; only once in the year, the Vigil of Easter, was it to be a fast. The festal nature of the day is still preserved among the Orientals, even during the penitential time of Lent.

In the Latin Church the tradition has been the very contrary. Saturday was observed as a fast in Rome from the earliest ages. We infer from Tertullian * that this fast took its origin from a prolongation of that of Friday, in memory of our Lord's burial, and also as a mark of opposition to the Sabbath observance of the Jews. Then again, as early writers † suggest, each Sunday, or Lord's day, was in a sense a repetition of the feast of the Resurrection, and consequently, like Easter, required a vigil of preparation. Our Ember Saturday fast may therefore be considered as a surviving remnant of a once weekly custom strictly observed, except during the joyous season of Easter, in Rome and elsewhere. The Saturday abstinence, which is still of obligation in many countries, may be rightly considered as the remnant of a more rigorous law which existed in former times‡.

And here it may be well to inquire into the intentions of the Church in the observance of Ember Days. At a very early period we find them regarded as occasions of dedicating the four seasons to Almighty God. To make this consecration more acceptable, special prayer, accompanied by fasting, was enjoined. This is evident from the following words of St. Leo in his second sermon on the fast of the tenth month, read at the Office of Matins on the third Sunday of Advent.

Admonished by a yearly pious custom, we, in our pastoral solicitude, urge upon you, dearest brethren, the strict observance of the December fast, during which we should worthily offer to God, the Giver of all good things, our sacrifice of abstinence for the safe ingathering of the fruits of the earth. And what can be more useful than fasting? That exercise by which we draw near

**Ibid.* c. xiv. † Victorinus, *De Fabr. Mundi.*

‡ Saturday was observed as a day of abstinence in this country also until comparatively recent times.

to God, resist the devil and overcome the crafty enticements of sin. . . . Let us spend in good deeds what we take from indulgence. Let our fast become the feast of the poor. . . . We shall fast on Wednesday and Friday, and shall likewise keep vigil on Saturday, at St. Peter's Church, that by his powerful prayers we may the more effectually obtain what we ask, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.

The thought of the consecration of the seasons is especially kept before the faithful in the passages from Holy Scripture which are appointed to be read in the Saturday Mass of the summer and autumn Ember-tides.

Under the Old Dispensation, all first-fruits, as we know, were offered to God in recognition of His supreme dominion over creation. The Ember fasts continue this recognition under the New. In connection with this subject, Ferraris* gives a quaint reason for the number of fasts enjoined by the Church at these seasons. He says, that all the fasts taken together make up twelve fasting days; these correspond to the number of months in the year, and thus, as it were, the first day of each month is offered to God, in the same way as first-fruits formerly were. By this means the absolute dominion of Almighty God is acknowledged over the entire year.

Besides the sanctification of the four seasons by works of penance, the Ember Days are observed for another intention, namely, the ordination of the clergy. From early times it has been the custom of the Western Church to hold the general ordinations of the clergy on the Ember Saturdays. How this custom became established it is not easy to determine.

Judging from the ancient records of the early Popes, as we find them in the lessons of the Breviary, the ordination which took place in December would seem to have been the most important of all; indeed, the tenth month was apparently the only one when the Popes conferred Orders, except in extraordinary cases. The Saturday before Passion Sunday—called *Sitientes*

* Ferraris, tom. vii.

from the first word of the Introit—and also the eve of Easter, are recognized days of ordination in ancient Pontificals, and are still so recognized in the Roman Pontifical of to-day.

The custom of selecting the Ember Saturdays for conferring Orders was formally recognized in a Synod held in Rome under Pope Zachary (A.D. 741), but the practice is evidently much older. St. Leo the Great (A.D. 459), lays it down as a principle, that *Sacred* Orders should not be conferred on any chance day, but after the night of Saturday has passed *. He then goes on to say, that those who confer Orders and those who receive them should be fasting, in accordance with the practice of the Apostles before imposing hands upon Paul and Barnabas. St. Gelasius (A.D. 494) in one of his Epistles †, refers to the fixed times for ordination as, "the fasts of the fourth ‡, seventh, and tenth months, and at the beginning and in the middle of Lent, in the evening of the Saturday fast." The Gregorian Sacramentary is equally explicit, as is also an English Pontifical of the eighth century.

The Roman Missal provides a special set of proper Masses for each Ember season, the structure of each set being almost exactly the same. As a heading to these Ember Masses, we have the *Station* notified. As the same Stations are repeated at each season, they claim particular attention.

The word *Station* has more than one meaning in liturgical language. We have already seen that Tertullian uses it for a fasting day. In the present case, however, the word refers to an ancient custom of visiting processionally certain churches, often the tomb of a martyr, and there celebrating the Holy Mysteries. A place of meeting was determined on beforehand, where the people, clergy, and Pontiff assembled. A prayer was said, afterwards called the *Collect* from the

* "Post diem sabbati ejusque noctis quæ in prima Sabbati lucescit. (Epist. ix. *Ad Diosc. Alex.*)

† *Ad Epis. Luc. et Brutt.* c. xi.

‡ By the fourth month, June is to be understood.

gathering itself, and a procession was then formed, which made its way to the church selected for the stopping place. On account of the procession halting at this church for the celebration of Mass and other Offices, it received the name of Station. It may be noted, that in these processions the sacred vessels for the Mass of the Station were frequently borne by acolytes. In this manner most of the more important churches of Rome were visited during seasons of solemnity. The Roman Missal still retains the name of the stational church as a heading to many of the proper Masses.

St. Gregory the Great is recorded to have regulated the Stations, but there is no doubt that the custom existed long before his time. In speaking of the Roman Stations, it may be remarked that several of the ancient practices connected with their observance are still maintained.

On the Wednesday of Ember Week, the Station is held at St. Mary Major, often called St. Mary *ad præsepe*, from the relic of the holy manger kept there. On account of its size, and its situation in the centre of the city, this church would be most convenient for the numbers expected to assemble for the examination of candidates for Orders held that day.

The Church of the Holy Apostles, containing the bodies of SS. Philip and James, is assigned for the Friday Station. This being the church second in importance dedicated to Apostles within the city walls, it was appropriate to visit it at such a time, in order to bring before the aspirants to the ministry these holy examples of zeal.

The large number of the faithful who would doubtless assist at the vigil, and the solemnity which attended the rite of ordination, made St. Peter's particularly fitting for the Station of Saturday. In speaking, however, of the ordinations in this Basilica, one must bear in mind that only the Sovereign Pontiff was consecrated at the high altar. When the Pope ordained, the Mass was celebrated at the altar of St.

Peter, but after the hymn of the Three Children, the Pontiff came down to the altar of St. Andrew, and there performed the ordination rite. Immediately afterwards he again returned to the high altar and proceeded with the Mass.* At the present day, the ordinations in Rome are held at the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

An ancient Roman ordo, quoted by Catalanus†, gives the following description of the supplications offered by clergy and people before proceeding with the ordination rite, which suggests the thought that our own custom of singing the Litany before the Bishop confers Holy Orders, may have originated with this Roman usage.

> On the Wednesday of the fast, there is a gathering together of the people and the *regiones* ‡ at the Church of St. Adrian. From thence the Pontiff sets out for St. Mary ad Præsepe, the people going before with crosses, censers, and tablets. At the approach of the Pontiff to the altar, the choir repeats the Litany. On Friday, the people are summoned with similar ceremonies to the Church of the Apostles; but on Saturday, the Pontiff and the whole of the *regiones* proceed to St. Peter's, chanting the Litany.

In connection with this subject, it may be remarked that St. Charles Borromeo recommends litanies in procession, as well as special prayers, on Sunday before the Ember-tide ordinations. In some dioceses of Austria § a custom prevails of reciting the prayer "for all Orders in the Church" (*pro omni gradu ecclesiæ*) at all Masses which immediately precede ordination times, should the rubrics permit.

The structure of the Ember Masses varies in many respects from those commonly in use. The Wednesday service has the special characteristics belonging to scrutiny Masses. Wednesday was the usual day for the scrutiny or examination of catechumens before receiving the Sacrament of Baptism; and usually, when

* Martene, *De antiq. rit. Eccl.* lib. i. c. viii. art. iv.

† *In Pontif. Rom. comment.* vol. i.

‡ These were certain officials whose duty it was to assist at the Pontifical functions.

§ *Vide* Director. Abbat. Raihrad. for 1896.

a scrutiny occurs, the Mass is provided with two Lessons. The Roman Missal furnishes us with examples of this rite on the Wednesday of the fourth week of Lent, and again on the Wednesday of Holy Week*.

The origin of the two Lessons is not easy to determine, but they are apparently the remains of ancient custom. We are aware of the conservative spirit of the Church in preserving her liturgical formulas; consequently, it may be that a practice once general at all Masses has been limited to the few we are now considering. It is remarkable that two Lessons still survive in the Good Friday service, which, as is well known, preserves many vestiges of a more primitive form of the Liturgy. The Mozarabic and Ambrosian rites might also be quoted as examples of the same custom, since in both of these, two Lessons are daily read at Mass. The Dominicans preserve the same custom at Christmas. Gavantus†, in explanation of this practice on Ember Wednesday, says the selection of the two Lessons from the Old Testament is intended to signify that those to be ordained should be conversant with the Law and the Prophets. This is evidently an interpretation *post factum*, but still it is not be rejected.

Wednesday of Ember week, according to the Pontifical,‡ is the day appointed for assembling the *ordinandi* in the Cathedral city, for examination as to learning, fitness, &c. According to Roman custom, now prevailing, candidates present themselves for examination at the Vicariate on Ember Wednesday. Martene quotes the acts of a local council, ordering the examination to be kept up during the three days previous to Saturday§.

But to return to the Wednesday Mass. An invitation to kneel is prefixed to the prayer which precedes the First Lesson. The Deacon sings *Flectamus genua*—

* On the second of these two days the station is also at St. Mary Major.

† *Comment. in rubric. Miss* par. iv. tit. ii.

‡ *Pontiff. Rom.* De Ord. Confer. *ad init.*

§ *De antiq. Eccl. rit.* lib. i. c. viii. art. vi.

"Let us kneel down," and the Subdeacon, *Levate*—"Rise up." At the present time hardly any space is left between the two admonitions; originally, however, some moments were allowed for private prayer, the end of which was indicated by *Levate*. A Roman ordo, quoted by Martene*, prescribes a prayer with similar rites for Ember Saturday at the Church of the "Collect," before setting out for the Church of the "Station." There may have been a ceremony of the same kind on Wednesday also, which would account for the existence of the prayer in the Liturgy of that day.

The Saturday Mass differs considerably from those of either Wednesday or Friday; † it has several Lessons following the Introit. These, including the Epistle, number six. In former times there were yet more, so that frequently in old Missals and Service-books this particular day is entitled the "Saturday of twelve Lessons." This number of twelve would make the Lessons correspond to the number read in the service of Holy Saturday; and just as the latter were intended for the instruction of the Catechumens, so the former were read for the instruction of the Ordinandi.

Ordination, at least the conferring of *Sacred* Orders, always takes place during Mass. This custom is traced back to the words used in the Acts of the Apostles, where the laying on of hands was performed while "they ministered to the Lord." This "ministering to the Lord," is said to bear the interpretation of celebrating Mass‡. According to the rite now in use, the Orders are thus distributed in connection with the opening portion of the Mass. The tonsure is given after the *Kyrie eleison;* the doorkeepers are ordained after the first Lesson; the readers after the second; the exorcists after the third; the acolytes after the fourth; the subdeacons after the fifth; the deacons after the Epistle; the priests

* *Ibid.* art. iv.

† The Friday Mass has no rites which distinguish it from ordinary Masses.

‡ "Ministrantibus autem illis Domino." (Acts xiii. *Vide* Catalanus, vol. i. p. 55.)

before the last verse of the Tract which precedes the Gospel*.

The fifth Lesson of Ember Saturday is always taken from the Prophet Daniel†, and relates to the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace. It is followed by the Hymn of the Three Holy Children, and a prayer, which has reference to the same subject. Alcuin, in his work on the Divine Office, explains the reason for the reading of this Lesson, by saying, the ordained are thereby reminded that they too, like the Three Children, must be proved men. He further remarks that no genuflection is made before the prayer which follows this Lesson, in detestation of the command of King Nabuchodonosor to adore the image which he had set up.

On Pentecost Saturday, one verse only of the Hymn of the Three Children is said, owing to the insertion of the *Gloria in excelsis* in place of the entire hymn. On this same day, the *Alleluia* frequently occurs, and no genuflections are made before the prayers, as the Paschal rite of not kneeling still prevails. With regard to the latter point it may be remarked, that it has been the custom of the Church from the earliest ages to maintain the standing posture during liturgical prayer at Eastertime in honour of our Lord's Resurrection. The same rite is observed every Sunday, as that day is considered to be a weekly commemoration of Easter.

The teaching conveyed by the Ember Masses varies according to the spirit of the season in which they occur. Before proceeding further, however, with this subject, we may remark, that at the present day the ferial or week-day Masses for Ember-tide are seldom said in ordinary churches, as most of these days, except the octave of Pentecost, are occupied with feasts of saints. In cases where the ferial Mass is impeded by a feast, a commemoration of the feria is made in the festal Mass, and the ferial Gospel is read at the end. In churches, however, where the Divine Office is carried out in its entirety, two conventual Masses are celebrated, one of the feast after the canonical hour of Tierce and another of

* *Pontif. Romanum.* † Chap. iii.

the feria after the office of None *. But when a Bishop holds an ordination on an Ember Day, it must always take place during the ferial Mass, even should a feast be kept on that day †.

The Advent Ember Masses refer to the Incarnation. On the Wednesday of that season, St. Luke's account of the Annunciation is read; in fact the Office of the day has the appearance of a feast in honour of that great mystery. Martene gives many interesting ceremonies which grew up during the middle ages in connection with the reading of the Gospel of the Annunciation at Matins on this day ‡. Bells were rung, lights and incense used, and the celebrant wore a white cope. Feasts falling on that day were transferred, and the prayers were said standing as on festivals. In monasteries, the Abbot delivered a sermon to his monks in the chapter-house; and it was on such occasions as these, that St. Bernard preached his famous sermons, *Super missus est.* The Ember Friday of Advent has for its Gospel the account of our Lady's Visitation; this follows as a natural sequence to the Gospel of the previous Wednesday.

Saturday of this week introduces us to a curious feature in the liturgy of the Ember fasts, namely the repetition of the Gospel of Saturday in the Mass of the following Sunday. This is owing to the fact that formerly no proper Masses were provided for the Sundays immediately following Ember days. It may be explained in this way: it was the primitive custom for the ordination to be held during the vigil which closed the Saturday fast, just as Baptism was administered during the great vigil of Holy Saturday. The ceremonies began in the evening, and Sunday morning arrived before this prolonged vigil ended §. When this severe

* This practice is observed in some few of the monastic churches in England and Scotland.

† S. Congr. Rites, July 11, 1739.

‡ According to the monastic rite, the full Gospel of the day is read at Matins on feasts.

§ The celebration of Mass concluded the "Night Watch."

discipline was relaxed, and the ordination Mass was anticipated on Saturday, the custom was introduced of repeating the Gospel of the vigil on the following Sunday, which hitherto had had no proper Mass assigned*. Hence on the Fourth Sunday of Advent, and on the Second Sunday of Lent, the Gospel is the same as that of the Saturday preceding. In many old Missals, Sundays such as these are designated "vacant."

In the Mass of the Fourth Sunday of Advent, the Epistle strikes one as being remarkably appropriate, when taken in connection with the ordinations of the previous day. It commences with the words: "Brethren, let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."

Next in order come the Ember Days of spring, which now coincide with the season of Lent. On account of this coincidence, they do not seem to share in that prominence which belongs to the other three Embertides. The liturgical services, however, retain their peculiarities. The two Lessons of Wednesday refer to the fasting of Moses and Elias, typical of our Lord's own fast. The Transfiguration Gospel of Saturday is repeated again on Sunday. The application of this Gospel to the newly ordained priests is carefully drawn out by liturgists. The priests, like the Apostles, have been taken up to the high mountain apart, and have entered into the cloud of Divine mysteries. In the silence of the Canon, our Lord will come down into their hands, and although they are sinners and mortal men, nevertheless they will hold this daily communion with God upon the holy mountain of the altar†.

With regard to the summer fast, St. Leo's sermons testify that, in Rome at least, it was observed during the feast of Pentecost. In one of the sermons for this season‡, he gives as one reason for its observance,

* This custom became law in the tenth or eleventh century, vide *Liturgical Year.*

† See *Liturgical Year*, Lent.

‡ *De Jejun. Pent. I.*

the necessity of expiating any want of self-restraint in the observance of the Easter festival. This fast is especially appropriate at a time of ordination, coming as it does during the octave of the Holy Ghost, who manifests His presence and power especially in the Sacrament of Orders.

As to the structure of the Ember Masses of Whitsuntide, there are features which distinguish them from those of the other three seasons. This variation is apparently due to the existence in former times of two separate sets of Masses, one for the octave and one for the fast*. The difficulty which ensued when the two sets concurred, ended in a compromise, by which the festal character predominates, but certain forms peculiar to Ember-tide, such as Lessons and prayers, have been retained. Owing to Paschal-time not having expired, there are no Graduals, but frequent *Alleluias;* the dalmatic and tunicle are worn, and red is the colour instead of the penitential purple. The Masses, however, according to the fasting rite, are celebrated after the canonical hour of None.

Before leaving our notice of the Pentecost Ember Days, a remark seems necessary explanatory of the Lessons used at the Saturday Mass. By means of special passages from the Old Testament, read on this particular day, the Church evidently wishes to carry back the minds of the faithful to certain rites observed in Jewish worship.

During the festival of the Jewish Pasch, on the 16th day of the month Nisan, it was ordered that the first sheaf of the harvest should be brought to the priest, and waved before the Lord in acknowledgement of the gift of fruitfulness†. Josephus tells us that this sheaf was of barley, and no harvest work was to be commenced until after this ceremony had been performed. Seven

* *Vide* Introduction, *Grad. Sarisburg.* Edit. 1894.

† Levit. xxiii. The rite of waving was inseparable from that of raising expressed in the Vulgate. On this point see art. "Wave-offering," Smith's *Dictionary of Bible;* also Dr. Edersheim's *Temple.*

weeks later, at the feast of Pentecost, an oblation was to be made of two loaves of leavened bread made from the new flour; these were also to be waved before God *. The first-fruits of the land were moreover to be brought in a basket to the holy place of God's choice, and there presented to the priest, who set the basket down before the altar†. All this was done to acknowledge God's blessings to men, and to express thankfulness.

These ceremonies of the Old Law are described in the second, third, and fourth Lessons of the Saturday Mass; and it is remarkable that only after these three Lessons do the prayers contain a reference to the bodily fast.

From the selection of these particular passages of Holy Scripture on Ember Saturday of Whitsuntide, it is evidently the intention of the Church to impress the minds of her children on the last day of the Paschal and Pentecostal feasts, with gratitude for the first-fruits which they also enjoy.

The Sunday which follows this day was, as usual, a vacant one; and consequently the Mass of Whitsuntide had to be repeated‡, until in later times the celebration of a Mass in honour of the Blessed Trinity gave rise to the institution of a new feast on this octave-day of Pentecost.

The fourth set of liturgical services for Ember Days has now to be noticed. The proper Masses for the fast of the seventh month occur in the Roman Missal immediately after the Mass of the seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost, though they do not always fall at that particular date.

The Lessons on Wednesday are taken from the Prophets Amos and Esdras, and contain references to

* *Ibid.* † Deut. xxvi.

‡ *Vide* Introduction to *Grad. Sarisburg.* Edit. 1894. The existence of a proper Mass for the First Sunday after Pentecost may have been brought about by moving the whole series of Masses for Sundays after Pentecost. In any case a Mass would be required for the week-days falling after the octave, as also for those churches where the Ember Days did not always fall within the Pentecost octave.

feasting on the fruits of the field and the vineyard. Friday, with its allusion to "living on wheat" and "blossoming as the vine," introduces us to the more clearly expressed liturgy of the following day. To understand the full meaning of the Mass of this particular Ember Saturday, we must refer again to a Jewish festival, which, to a certain extent, is perpetuated in the service of this day.

The Feast of Tabernacles was celebrated in memory of the children of Israel dwelling in tents during their sojourn in the wilderness. The feast was solemnized at that time of year which corresponds to our month of September, when all the fruits of the earth had been gathered in; hence in the Book of Exodus* it is called the feast of the *ingathering*, and was celebrated with an octave. Our September Ember Days, therefore, more especially the Saturday, may be rightly termed the "harvest thanksgiving" of the Catholic Church.

It has been remarked before, that the Church joins fasting to prayer, in order to make the offering of our thankfulness more pleasing to God. The Jews had a similar custom at this very season, for they observed the fast of the Day of Atonement before celebrating the feast of Tabernacles; and it is curious to note that the Church has preserved the memory of this practice also in the first Lesson of the Saturday Mass.

Following the Ember-tide, we have again in ancient Missals the vacant Sunday. In connection with this fact, it is worthy of note that on the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost, the consecutive order of the Epistles is broken in upon for the first time. These begin on the sixth Sunday, with the Epistle to the Romans, and go on in order to the Epistle to the Ephesians, which is read on the seventeenth Sunday. The eighteenth Sunday, not having originally a proper Mass, has a portion of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. The old order is resumed again on the nineteenth Sunday.

It is true the eighteenth Sunday does not always follow immediately after the Ember Days, but when it

* Exodus xxiii. 16.

does so happen, its Mass contains most appropriate allusions to the recent ordinations*. The words of the Introit: "Give peace, O Lord, to them that wait for Thee, that Thy *Prophets* may be found faithful," have a special meaning when applied to the newly ordained, as also have the words of St. Paul on grace, read in the Epistle. The Gospel on the curing of the man sick of the palsy contains a striking lesson on the power of priestly absolution. The Offertory of this Sunday refers to the priestly office of sacrifice: "Moses hallowed an altar to the Lord, offering upon it holocausts, and sacrificing victims."

In concluding these notes upon the Liturgy of Ember-tide, it may be remarked, that at all the seasons, with the exception of Pentecost, the Lenten rites are observed at Mass. Purple is the colour of the vestments, the sacred ministers wear the folded chasubles, the kneeling posture is maintained at the prayers and during the Canon by those who assist, and lastly the organ is not played for interludes†.

To draw a practical conclusion from what has been said concerning Ember Days, apart from the antiquity of their institution, two points strike us as being worthy of special interest; these are (1) the consecration of the four seasons to God: (2) the ordination of the clergy.

With regard to the first; gratitude for God's gifts is a leading feature in each of the four fasts, for gratitude is the best means of drawing down His future blessings in the preservation of the fruits of the earth.

As to the second point; the importance of the periodical ordinations of the clergy cannot be overrated‡.

* See *Liturgical Year*. The September ordination is not usually so numerously attended as those held at the other three seasons.

† *Vide* Martinucci, vol. vi.

‡ For a further development of this subject, see Father Bridgett's interesting treatise, *Reapers for the Harvest*. (Catholic Truth Society, 1d.)

All good Catholics must needs feel an interest in the future priests of the Church, for ordination not only confers an immense privilege on those who are ordained, but also affects the salvation of those souls, who are hereafter to be entrusted to their care. The recurrence of the Ember Days should, therefore, remind all to pray: (1) for vocations to the priesthood, that God would send fit labourers for reaping the harvest; (2) that those about to be ordained may be filled with the true spirit of their high calling; (3) for the success of the labours of the Bishops and clergy, both secular and regular, as also for their welfare.

To obtain these blessings from God, the fast, which is of strict obligation on the Ember Days, should be offered. The value of fasting as a penitential exercise is too well known to need explanation here, but it may be remarked that when it is practised in obedience to the Church, its efficacy is increased a hundred-fold. By those not able to fast, other good works are usually substituted. Prayer and fasting, therefore, are joined together, after the example of the Apostles, who "fasting and praying, and imposing their hands upon them, sent them away *." We have seen from the writings of St. Leo, how assiduously the night-watch at Ember-tide was kept up in his day; although this rigorous exercise is now no longer expected from the faithful, the duty of prayer still remains.

We may sum up what has already been said by stating that the three good works, styled *eminent*, are inculcated upon us at the Ember seasons. *Prayer* and *fasting* hold a prominent place; St. Leo, who said so much on Ember Days, adds *almsgiving:* "let us spend in good deeds," he says, "what we take from indulgence." No better time than the Ember Days could be chosen to lay aside, or offer, an alms towards the support of seminaries and other institutions for the training of candidates for the priesthood; or for an object which is equally important, the maintenance of the clergy in general.

* Acts xiii.

To carry out with success these intentions of the Church at Ember-tide, no new confraternity need be established; all that is required is a full appreciation of the spirit of the Church as manifested in her Liturgy and observances, when these seasons come round.

The test of true love for our Lord, as His own words tell, is obedience to His will. We may apply to the Church, His representative, and her ordinances, this same test of true love, which He Himself has given: "If you love Me, keep My commandments*."

* St. John xiv. 15.

OUGHT WE TO HONOUR MARY?

OR,

THE BIBLE *v.* "THE REFORMERS."

BY THE

REV. JAMES F. SPLAINE, S.J.

I. An Acknowledgement.

ONE of the characteristic features of the Catholic Church is the prominence she gives in her rites and ceremonies to the practice of honouring the Blessed Virgin. Many days in the year have been, under various titles, specially consecrated to her—the Espousals, the Purification, the Dolours, the Visitation, the Assumption, the Presentation, the Immaculate Conception—besides other feasts of which we need only mention those in honour of her Divine Maternity, her Purity, and her Immaculate Heart. She has moreover a special Office, a Litany, and a Rosary, and the whole month of May, and, in great measure, October, is set apart for the practice of the numerous devotions that have sprung up in connection with her name.

This devotion to Mary indeed gave great offence to the so-called "Reformers," and supplied them with a sort of peg on which to hang the very false charge against the Catholic Church, that she set the Blessed Virgin above our Blessed Lord. But that she honoured the Blessed

Virgin we acknowledge to be true, and of no place in the world was it more true than of the British Isles, especially England, which gloried in the title of the Dowry of Mary. In every part of Christian Europe she has ever been the patron saint and the model of mothers and virgins, and that spirit of chivalry that held in restraint the impetuous passions of the rude warriors who lived a thousand years ago—teaching them that woman had a higher destiny than to gratify the cravings of their sensual appetites, and raising her up as the inspiring patroness of all that was noblest, in the joust, and the tournament, and the art of war—this chastening and purifying spirit was born of the love and respect for Mary, which the Church of those stormy times instilled into men even from their childhood. But here in the soil of the British Isles devotion to Mary struck still deeper root. Kings had her image on their crowns, soldiers engraved her name on their swords, nobles were proud to be her vassals, churches, oratories and abbeys, sprang up in her honour, pilgrims might be seen in thousands, carrying their offerings to enrich her shrines. Her loved name was a household word invoked affectionately in danger, in sickness, and in distress. It was given to wells, to city gates, and to ships, and the statue of Our Lady, or her picture, greeted the eye in the market place, and at the corners of the streets. We plead guilty therefore to the charge of having, in all the past, as in the present, given great honour to her whom we love to call the Blessed Virgin Mary.

II. Arguments against the Practice.

We must, however, take some notice of the arguments that are used to show that our practice is wrong.

First, we are confronted with the words addressed to Mary by Jesus, when, at Cana, she told Him, during the marriage feast, that there was no wine. As given in the Protestant Bible they are:—*Woman, what have I to do with thee?* St. John ii. 4.

Our reformers wished it to be supposed that Jesus, by this answer, intended to rebuke His mother, and were glad. That any mother, unless she were notoriously meddlesome, should be publicly rebuked at a feast by her own son, ought to be a matter of regret to all well-conditioned minds. But, besides this, the construction thus put upon this passage by Protestants is, to say the least of it, unnecessary. There is little to excuse it, except that the wish was father to the thought. For, (1) the word *woman* does not by any means carry with it, as they imagine, an idea of disrespect. It was the common form used in addressing persons of rank.* (2) The translation in the Protestant Bible is disputed by Protestant commentators themselves. (3) Such a construction cannot be reconciled with what happened subsequently, for Mary immediately turned to the servants, and said:—*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it* (St. John ii. 5.), and presently *Jesus saith unto them: Fill the water pots with water*, and behold, *the water was made wine.*

It is evident therefore that, whatever else Jesus may have meant, He could hardly have meant a rebuff to His mother, for He granted her prayer, and, moreover, the very fact of her being able to tell the servants what to do shows that *she knew* it was granted.

Hence, the translation given in the Catholic Vulgate would seem to be more likely the correct one, unless we accept that of the Protestant Ebrard.

The Catholic version is:—*Woman, what is it to Me and to thee?* It is, no doubt, obscure, but so is the original. It is an idiomatic expression of which the precise meaning seems to be lost. But, if we throw ourselves into the circumstances, we see that it might mean: "My Lady, what is it to us? Do you think that we, as guests, should notice the embarrassment of these good people?" To which Mary may have made some

* Γυνή a term of respect, *mistress, lady.* ii. *a wife.* iii. *a mortal woman*, opposed to *a goddess.* iv. *the female of animals.* Liddell and Scott.

unrecorded reply, and so brought out from her Divine Son, the statement that His hour was not yet come, the time which He had thought of for working His first miracle had not yet arrived, but that He could not refuse His Mother's prayer, and He would see to it.

To put it briefly, the sense would be: "My Lady, what is it? What do you wish Me to do for you? The time I had fixed for My first miracle is not yet come, but I cannot refuse you. It shall be as you wish."

Ebrard's version, to which allusion has been made, but to which we do not attach much value, makes it simpler still. He says the words used by our Lord mean, *Leave it to Me;* and, if this be correct, every difficulty is swept away.

The second adverse argument from Scripture is taken from St. Luke xi. 27, where it is narrated that:—*A certain woman of the company lifted up her voice and said unto Him: Blessed is the womb that bare Thee, and the paps which Thou hast sucked. But He said: Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.*

According to Protestant commentators this passage means that Jesus was annoyed at hearing Mary praised, and answered the woman warmly: "Do not suppose that the fact of her being My Mother is any reason for praising her. Praise is due rather to those who hear the word of God and keep it," implying that Mary had *not* done so. *

It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to see what disagreeable characters the Reformers and their followers make of Jesus and His holy Mother. To any mind not poisoned in its infancy, this one comment would, by itself, be enough to prove beyond question that the Church which adopted it was the synagogue of Satan. If such were the terms on which our Blessed Lord lived with His Mother in public, and if such was the way in which He spoke of her to the

* See *Commentary on the Old and New Testament*, by Matthew Henry, published by Cassell and Co.

crowd, what must have been the state of things in the house at Nazareth, where the restraint of being observed by others would be removed? Such are the blasphemous speculations to which such rabid exegesis naturally leads.

Study our Lord's words, and you will see there is nothing in them to exclude Mary from the number of those who hear God's word and keep it. It is as if He had said:—"You do well to praise her, my good woman, but praise her, not so much for being My Mother, for that is an honour which she owes to the free gift of God, and which she never could have merited. Go further back. Seek the root of that honour. Praise her for what she did of her own free will, for the fidelity and care with which she had always heard the word of God and kept it."

The words of Jesus, therefore, far from censuring His Blessed Mother, convey a high encomium on the sanctity of her life, and at the same time are full of useful instruction for the woman in the crowd, as well as for all others who might, then or afterwards, hear them.

The third and last adverse argument that we need consider is based on St. Matt. xii. 48. Christ was addressing the multitude, when someone interrupted Him, saying:—*Behold, Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with Thee* (v. 47). St. Mark tells us (iii. 31), *His brethren and His mother. . . . sent unto Him, calling Him.* St. Luke says (viii. 19), His mother and His brethren arrived, but *could not come at Him for the press. And it was told Him by certain, which said, Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, desiring to see Thee.*

Jesus answered and said:—*Who is My mother? And who are My brethren? And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples, and said, Behold My mother and My brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother* (St. Matt. xij. 48-50).

As usual the Protestant school of commentators can see nothing here but another public rebuke given by Jesus to His Mother, this time including some other members of the family. At present we confine our attention to Mary. Now Mary well knew the views of Jesus. One day she sought Him in the Temple sorrowing, and He, like an affectionate child, pitying her distress, offered her the best comfort He could, by telling her that everything had happened by the will of God: *Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?* (St. Luke ii. 49.) She had not forgotten this, for she *kept all these sayings in her heart* (ibid. 51).

She had also learnt the meaning of those other words of Jesus:—*He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me* (St. Matt. x. 37).

And now, turn back for a moment to the account of this little episode, as given above from the Evangelists. You will observe particularly that it is nowhere stated that Mary herself sent to Jesus. She is certainly mentioned as being with the rest, and it is clearly stated that they sent. But, considering what we have just been saying, and supposing Mary to have had the ordinary feelings of a lady, is it not very likely that she said nothing at all, but modestly left it to her companions to do as they thought proper, and that, when the answer of Jesus came, it was no surprise to her, but exactly what she expected? Knowing her heart so well as Jesus did, He was certain that, however severe it might sound to her companions, she would know that it was no rebuke to her. Do let us lay aside preconceived notions in speaking and arguing about this Mother of Sorrows, and give her credit at least for the delicacy and refinement which we look for in every Christian woman.

Observe, moreover, that two out of three Evangelists do not say that *they* sent to Him, but that *one said to Him*, or, *it was told to Him by certain*, that His mother and brethren wished to see Him. If we suppose that St. Mark meant no more than this, when he wrote that, *His brethren and His mother . . . sent to Him calling*

Him, then this question suggests itself:—Were there perhaps any other persons present, whose interest it might be to interrupt Jesus, and who officiously took upon themselves, without being asked by either Mary or her companions, to send Him word that they were looking for Him? Yes, there were the Scribes and the Pharisees, who, smarting under the reproaches of Christ, and His exposure of their ignorance, had been holding *a council against him, how they might destroy Him* (St. Matt. xii. 14), who were filled with envy, to see their own influence dwindling away, while the people, amazed at His miracles, called out, in love and admiration of Jesus, *Is not this the son of David?* (St. Matt. xii. 23) but who dared not, for all that, in face of His popularity, proceed to extremes. It was to their interest to interrupt Him in His work, and, being practised hypocrites, such a ruse would well befit them. The message may have been sent, not by Mary and her companions, but by them, with the object of drawing Jesus away. The rebuke, if any, contained in Christ's reply, would be addressed to His adversaries, foiled once more.

III. Arguments in favour of the Practice.

Having considered the chief arguments from Holy Scripture, usually brought against the practice of honouring Mary, let us in the next place produce, from the same source, a few in our own defence.

Going back to the dawn of history, we find God denouncing the evil one, for the mischief he had done in Eden, and foretelling the day when his wicked work should be avenged. *I will put enmity*, said God, *between thee and the woman, and between her seed and thy seed. It shall bruise thy head* (Gen. iii. 15). Now the seed which crushed Satan was Jesus. The woman, therefore, here alluded to, must be Mary, His Mother. So that on the first page of the chronicles of the human race, we find an allusion, made by God Himself, to the future appearance of Mary the Mother of Jesus.

Passing on next to the time of Isaiah, about 760 years before Christ, we read these words:—*Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel* (Is. vii. 14). Here again is an unmistakable allusion to Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

But let us hasten on to the fulfilment of prophecy in the advent of the Saviour.

The Angel Gabriel is sent by God to Mary, and the words he addressed to her were these: *Hail thou that art highly favoured,* [or *indued with grace,*] *the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women* (St. Luke i. 28). Gabriel saw that his words troubled her, and therefore he continued: *Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour* [or *grace*] *with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus* (ib. 30-31). Here a difficulty arose in her mind. On the one hand she saw that the message was clearly from heaven, and on the other, she had consecrated her virginity to God. Therefore she turned to the Angel and asked: *How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?* (ib. 34.) Gabriel replied: *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God* (ib. 35).

Here Mary is assured that her vow should be respected. She is told that the Lord is with her, that she is blessed among women, that she has found grace with God, that, not by human generation, not by the sacrifice of her virginity, but by the power of the Most High, she should be the mother of the Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

After this, is further warrant necessary, to justify us in paying honour to Mary? What honour can we pay her, comparable to the honour God Himself paid her, when He chose her to be the mother of His Divine Son, and sent, as His messenger to her, one of the highest spirits in heaven? On the contrary, how can any one logically profess to stand by the Bible, while he refuses, in spite of the evidence adduced, to join in her praise?

IV. How the Reformers and their followers treat Mary.

The so-called Reformers, whose boast it was that they grounded their faith on the Bible alone, were notorious for hatred of Mary, and they have bequeathed abundant proofs of that hatred in the shrines, and abbeys, which Catholic faith had raised in her honour, and which they plundered, and left in ruins. Nor has the spirit which possessed those unhappy men died out yet. It has survived in their followers to the present day. Within the memory of many now living a Protestant Bishop of Exeter, having found out that on the seal of an archæological society, of which he was a member, there was a figure of Our Lady, seated, with the Infant Jesus on her knee, removed his name from the books, saying that such a picture was a gratuitous insult to Protestants. This was in the year 1846.*

Considerably nearer to the present time, the Church of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, was being "restored," and part of the restoration consisted in placing, in an outside niche, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with the Holy Child in her arms. No sooner was it up than the old Protestant cry of Mariolatry was raised. The Child had to be cut away, and a book substituted in its place.

At a later period still, when a similar restoration was going on at the Bristol Cathedral, amongst other improvements the architect introduced, in a deep moulding over the head of the western doorway, small busts of the Apostles, six at each side, with a bust of Our Lady in the apex. Forthwith were heard the first mutterings of a rising storm, which culminated in a great public meeting in the Colston Hall. On the platform were gathered some fifteen or more Protestant

* For this and the following story see Waterton's *Pietas Mariana Britannica.*

clergymen, with the familiar sprinkling of lawyers, who gradually worked each other up to the boiling point of virtuous indignation, so that resolutions were quickly carried *nem. con.* to the effect that the obnoxious figure must be removed; and, in order that Protestant eyes might not be scandalized, or offended, for a day longer than necessary, a stone-mason was summoned immediately, and sent, in the small hours of the morning, to break down the bust of the Mother of our Lord, leaving the disconsolate Apostles where they were.

The Protestant "mind" is perhaps less irritable now than it was then, or perhaps less cause of irritation is given, but it is by no means extinct, as we Catholics are from time to time reminded, when boys from Protestant schools call after us in the streets, "Holy Mary, Mother of God," they being evidently under the impression that they are offering an insult to us, while it seems never to occur to them that the offence is against God. Boys would never think of this themselves. They must be put up to it by older people.

Bible Christians might remember to their advantage, the example of one of the earliest saints of the New Testament, Elizabeth, who saluted her cousin, the Blessed Virgin, in the words:—*Blessed art thou among women* (St. Luke i. 42). They might also remember that the *Magnificat*, the prophetic song of Mary, though composed by her, is just as inspired as any other part of Scripture, and in the middle of it we read these words:—*Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed* (St. Luke i. 48). But they refuse absolutely to fulfil this prophecy. They will not call her blessed. On the contrary, they have recently, in the person of one Marshall, of whom we shall have more to say later on, * entirely perverted the meaning of this beautiful canticle. It is, as all the world knows, the outpouring of a grateful heart, thanking God, and magnifying His holy name, for the "great things" He had done for His humble handmaid. But this Pro-

* See note at the end.

testant commentator gives Mary credit, indeed, for "expressing gratitude and sense of her past lowly condition," at the beginning of her song, but can see nothing in the rest of it except self-conceit and ostentation, and assures his readers that "her smallness of mind and her vanity may be seen by any one who contrasts her famous hymn, the *Magnificat*, with the equally famous hymn by Zacharias, the *Benedictus*."

V. An Appeal to Common Sense.

1. The whole question of honouring Mary, the Mother of Jesus, resolves itself into this: Would God be displeased if we did so? If He would, well, there is the end of it: we must not do it. But we have seen that the Book which we honour as the Word of God is rather strongly in favour of it. What then does common sense say?

It is to be presumed that you believe in the Divinity of Christ, and that Mary was His mother. Which, then, do you think would please Jesus best, to have His mother honoured or not to have her honoured? What sort of son is he who would prefer the latter alternative? But Jesus is God. Therefore, common sense says, God would approve of our honouring Mary. The only way of getting out of it is by saying Jesus is not God. Thus it turns out that the honouring of Mary, instead of being, as controversialists of the parrot tribe are for ever telling us, a robbing of Jesus, is really a bulwark of defence for the true doctrines of the Incarnation, and the Divinity of Christ.

2. We must presume, again, that you see nothing wrong in honouring God in His works. This is really what the Three Children meant when they sang their beautiful canticle, calling upon all creatures to praise their Maker (Dan. iii. 57-90).* Praise the work and you praise the workman. If then we are to praise God in the heat and cold, in the dews and hoar-frosts, in

* See the Vulgate.—It is not given in the Protestant le.

lightnings and clouds, in mountains and hills, in seas and in rivers, yea, even in the fowls of the air, and the beasts and cattle of the field—must we stop short at man, the greatest creature of all? And if we praise Him in men, then most of all ought we praise Him in those who were His friends, His prophets, and patriarchs, and apostles. But is His Mother to be excluded? On whom has He Himself bestowed such marks of favour as on her? Who is nearer and dearer to Him than she upon whom He conferred the unparalleled honour of being His Mother? Put it in another way: Can you explain what you mean when you say that, in honour of God, you refuse to honour His Mother? Why not be consistent, and refuse equally to honour Him in any other of His works, human or otherwise? Do you not see that we, in honouring her, honour her Maker, and that the refusal to do so is a tacit animadversion on what in this part has been done by Him?

3. But, it may be said, this honouring of Mary is inopportune—it leads to idolatry.

To this we have a double reply to make.

First, be on your guard against taking it for granted that, when people differ in opinion from you, they must necessarily be fools. You know, for instance, that, rightly or wrongly, we believe Mary to be very good indeed, and very devoted to God. You know, too, that we try our best to please her. And do you suppose that we are so silly as to think we shall please a good person by paying her idolatrous worship? Would it please you? And will you not allow that she is, at any rate, as good as you?

Second, as to the fact. You say it leads to idolatry. Now each of us must be allowed to state the result of his own experience. I cannot answer for those in your communion, but, with regard to Catholics, I can say, without fear of contradiction—and you can test it any day by going into our schools during catechism, or into the lanes and alleys and sounding the poor old Irish women—that, even among the simple and the ignorant, Mary is never put above Jesus; that is to say, devotion

to Mary does not result in idolatry among us. On the other hand, if you still maintain that it *would* lead to idolatry among *your* people, we accept your statement with becoming respect, only we would add that, the sooner you raise the standard of religious instruction in your schools, the better for all concerned.

4. Here, perhaps, one of the more moderate of our opponents may intervene in a deprecating voice: "But surely it will be admitted that the thing is sometimes carried to excess?" Well, what is excess? Who is to draw the line? Once upon a time a great king, named Ahasuerus, being pleased with one of his subjects named Mordecai, summoned to his presence Haman, the chief prince of his court, and said to him: "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" And Haman answered the king: "For the man whom the king delighteth to honour, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head. And let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honour, and bring him on horseback through the streets of the city, and proclaim before him: thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour."

When Haman gave this answer, he had no idea the king was alluding to Mordecai, a poor Jew whom he hated for his independent spirit, and whom he intended to hang. He thought in his heart,—To whom would the king delight to do honour more than to myself? Therefore his opinion is open to suspicion. But the opinion of Ahasuerus may be accepted without hesitation, because the extraordinary ceremony sketched out by Haman, really seemed to trespass on the royal prerogative, and our Reformers, had they been his courtiers, would doubtless have protested. But Ahasuerus, better acquainted with thoughts becoming a king, said to Haman "Make haste, and take the apparel

and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate: let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken" (Esther vi. 1-10).

We follow the opinion of Ahasuerus. The King delighteth to honour Mary, and therefore we array her in royal apparel, and set the royal crown upon her head, and invite Gabriel the Archangel to wait upon her, and we think this no excess. One thing we never do. We never forget that she is a creature like ourselves, and thus we place her at an infinite distance below Almighty God, but, on account of the relation she bears to Him as the Redeemer of mankind, very far above all other works of His hands. The outward manifestations of honour in our power are very limited. We not unfrequently exhaust them on very worthless mortals, on revolutionists, and on barbarian potentates. May we not, without reproach, do as much for the stainless Mother of Jesus, as long as we reserve for Jesus Himself the inward homage and adoration of our hearts and minds?

VI. A Caution.

We have already quoted a text, from Gen. iii. 15, which runs thus:—*I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.*

The person whom God speaks to here is the devil. The person alluded to as *the woman* is, as we have already seen, Mary. By the words *her seed*, Jesus is meant, and by *thy seed*, of course, the followers of the devil.

We had better dispose of the last few words first, *thou shalt bruise his heel.* The *heel* of Jesus is taken to mean mankind, and especially the more earthly of mankind, as distinguished from Jesus, who is the head. Them the devil tries, often successfully, to bruise and wound, *lying in wait* for them, as the Vulgate puts it, like the serpent in the grass. But we are more con-

cerned with the first part of the prophecy, to which we now return.

It is God who speaks, and He says, that between Mary and the devil, and between her seed and his seed, enmity shall exist. Thus enmity against the Blessed Virgin is a sign by which the seed of the devil may be distinguished from Jesus the offspring of Mary, and the followers of the devil from the followers of Christ.

It must be an uncomfortable thought to find oneself brought up, in this respect, so like the devil, and it is a matter to investigate betimes, because, when destruction falls upon the leader, the followers will hardly escape; and the prophecy goes on to state that Jesus will bring ruin on the devil. *He shall bruise, He shall crush, thy head.*

Therefore, if you feel reluctant to call Mary *blessed*, as foretold in the *Magnificat*, if you feel a difficulty in joining with Gabriel in his address to her, *Hail, thou that art highly favoured; Hail, full of grace; Blessed art thou amongst women;* look to it at once, and make quite sure that you are not taught of an evil spirit, that you are not, unwittingly, among the followers of the devil, and in danger of being involved in his punishment.

APPENDIX.

A Protestant tract—*Mary or Madonna?*—which bears out in a remarkable way, what we have been saying, has lately come into our hands. The tract itself belongs to a very humble standard of literary merit. Probably it is a *réchauffé* of some earlier, and unacknowledged work of the same brand, for it is hardly conceivable that the research paraded on its pages could have been made by anybody capable of perpetrating such bad English.

From internal signs, such as a certain ingenuity in trumping up accusations against their own sex, which, rightly or wrongly, is commonly dissociated from the lucubrations of men, we should say that it is the work of a woman. But of course, this is a mere surmise. The name given on the title page is "W. Marshall," and it is published apparently under the auspices of that peculiar body of religionists who are identified with, and give a sinister character to, "Wycliffe House," and to a certain shop in Paternoster Row.

The end which the author sets before himself is to make our Blessed Lady appear one of the basest of womankind. Very probably he would resent this accusation, for, up and down his pages, we come upon nauseous disclaimers such as:—"It is a painful history, this in the gospels, and it stands forth there, not as an impeachment of poor Mary, but as one of that sinful flesh which was all that she could give to her Son,"* &c., &c. Again—"God knows that I desire to write of Mary with all the respect which the truth and immeasurable importance of my argument will allow." We shall be able to set a just value on these protestations after listening a while to his "argument."

* Here, and in other places, it might seem that we had made a mistake in transcribing from our author. We have quoted him verbatim.

As a necessary preliminary to his attack he takes elaborate pains to prove from Scripture, that the fact of her Son's divinity was well known to Mary. With this object he quotes St. Luke i. 28, ii. 11, ii. 49, and iii. 22.

Of course not one of these texts, nor all of them together, prove his thesis. They would serve to corroborate, but they could never prove, that Mary knew her Son was divine. We, however, are far from questioning this knowledge on the part of the Blessed Virgin. We want no proof of it whatever.

Having thus laid his basis, to his own satisfaction, Mr. Marshall proceeds to enumerate occasions on which Mary might, he thinks, have used her knowledge for the good of her Son, Jesus, but did not, and would not.

His first case is taken from St. Luke iv. 16, &c. One day Christ went into the Temple at Nazareth, and began to apply to Himself some words written by Isaias about the Messiah. The people willingly bore testimony to the singular beauty and impressiveness of His discourse, but, in answer to His claim to be the Messiah, they said: *Is not this the son of Joseph?* Jesus saw that, in their hearts, they wanted Him to work for them some miracles, such as He had wrought at Capharnaum, and when He rebuked them for this sign of a want of faith, *they brought Him to the brow of the hill, whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.*

Listen to Mr. Marshall's reflections on the event here described. "How is this? Had Mary during their thirty years' residence in Nazareth, forborne to bear witness as to the character of His parentage? she must have so forborne. . . . Her Son was about to be murdered, through a mistake on the part of the Nazarenes. Did she, with frantic devotion, rush forward to proclaim that He had no earthly father, that she, from her own experience, could testify to this fact?" &c. He here repeats, with additions and emendations, his former "proofs," that the divinity of

Jesus was known to His Blessed Mother, all which "proofs" she ought, in Mr. Marshall's opinion, to have immediately produced before the enraged people. "But," he continues, "we are not told * that she said one word like aught of this, nor that she even protested against the murder of her Son."

"The plea has been put forth, by Mary's Idolizers, that her silence as to her Son's true paternity was maintained by His command."

"The command was never given," he exclaims; "The plea is false. . . . . Did He give this command when He was a babe?" The idea is that babes are at the disadvantage of not being able to express their wishes, and that therefore Jesus *could* not, during His infancy, have given a command. Mr. Marshall, quite naturally, overlooks the fact that Christ was divine, and of course it does not occur to him that Mary's silence might have been inspired.

Your true Protestant would be wise never to meddle with the Incarnation. We have already mentioned certain events connected with the restoration of Bristol Cathedral. At the meeting in the Colston Hall on that occasion, alluding to an *alto-relievo* of the Adoration of the Magi, introduced into the gable over the northern door, one Inskip remarked that, "the Wise Men worshipped not *a helpless infant*, but something which they saw by faith, and which was invisible to the naked eye." No doubt this gentleman would defend the Divinity of Christ as valiantly as Mr. Marshall, if he were put to it, but, if words mean anything, both of them were possessed of some hazy notion that Christ somehow grew to be Divine rather late in life, and that, at first, He was only "a helpless infant." They are not, it is clear, quite in agreement with St. Matthew, who says of the wise men: *entering the house, they found the*

* Mr. Marshall is a victim of the erroneous impression, common to Protestants of his stamp, that in Scripture we are told everything, and that nothing can be true unless it can be found there. We would recommend to his notice the two last verses in the Gospel of St. John.

CHILD *with Mary His Mother, and, falling down they adored* HIM. But perhaps this text was not among their "scraps." Let us not, however, be unfair to Messrs. Inskip and Marshall: they are not the only people who have committed themselves on this point, for, not to mention the naval and military element, there were, on the platform with Mr. Inskip, at least fifteen clergymen, including the present Bishop of Hereford, none of whom made any protest against Mr. Inskip's view. *

So it is. Scratch a Protestant and you will find he is only a Nestorian. The address "Mary Mother of God" always sticks in his throat.

Another point worth adverting to in Mr. Marshall's reflections is this. Our Lord had blamed the Nazarenes for their want of faith, and as He blamed them so severely that they were enraged, and threatened to kill Him, we must suppose there was something really blameworthy in their behaviour. But it is a fact, curious though true, that the Protestant instinct is nearly always on the side of "the oppressed," that is, on the side of rebels against authority, and accordingly we here find Mr. Marshall taking a lenient view of conduct which our Lord treated as very reprehensible, and speaking of it as "a *mistake* on the part of the Nazarenes."

He was not, however, satisfied with the above crushing argument against the suggestion that our Blessed

* In justice to Dr. Perceval we must acknowledge that his speech that evening in the Colston Hall was the bold protest of an intelligent and educated man against the stupid fanaticism of his brethren on the platform. Speaking of the figures of the four doctors of the Church, Gregory, Jerome, Augustine and Ambrose, which had been erected on the same door-way, and fell under the same condemnation as the Adoration of the Magi, he said he "regretted that the bitterness, antagonism, and controversy of the Reformation time should have gone so deep down into the grain of their lives that men could not read the history of the great Christianizers of Western Europe without being so jaundiced as to see only the defects of the men—which were mainly defects of the time—and not their great virtues." *Bristol Times and Mirror*, 4 April, 1876.

Lady was acting in obedience to a divine command. He would annihilate his adversary. In this frame of mind he demands:—"Why did she conceal the events of the nine months previous to the birth?" Then, at any rate, she was free to do as she liked: her Son could not possibly have interfered with her then! Poor Mr. Marshall! *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* When God wishes to bring a man to grief He first deprives him of common sense.

We are going to be told now why, in the opinion of this writer our Blessed Lady was so silent:—She was only fulfilling the prophecy of Simeon, *a sword shall pierce through thy own soul.* This sword, he tells us, "was the fear of persecution; which fear, since belief is much affected by feeling, naturally sought justification and relief in some sort of unbelief." "Had she resisted the infuriated crowd, she would have shared what seemed about to be her Son's destruction."

This weakness on His Mother's part was, it seems, the reason why Jesus left her house. Up to this time we have always understood that Jesus left Nazareth to begin the work of His ministry. Mr. Marshall has just discovered, from a perusal of the Gospel of St. Luke, that Mary's silence at the time when the Nazarenes threatened to throw Jesus off the cliff, led to some sort of a coolness, to say the least of it, between Him and His Mother, which ended in His having to leave home. "Henceforth He was homeless; . . . although, by a miracle He escaped His enemies, He was henceforth a wanderer, without a roof to cover His head." . . . . "He was left to starve." . . . "The painful events of the ejection from Nazareth have taken place; and Jesus has been an outcast from His Mother's home."

"If she had been true to her Son she would have been His constant follower, attendant, and watchful vindicator." Mr. Marshall perhaps overlooks the fact that when, on a certain occasion, mentioned above, at the end of Section ii., Mary did follow her Son, with His brethren, he told us "they did this solely out of

vanity." But follow, or not follow, she must be brought in guilty. St. John vi. 41, narrates how Jesus told the Jews that He was *the living bread which came down from heaven*. If Mary was present, she "preferred allowing Him to be esteemed a liar to herself's incurring the danger of asserting His true parentage." So, "on another occasion, Jesus confesses Himself God, and the Jews take up stones to stone Him (St. John viii. 58). Is Mary at hand to show that He is speaking truth, and that He is indeed God? No, she has left Him to His fate."—Again, "Jesus has been condemned by the High Priest for blasphemy in saying that He is the Son of God. Mary could even at that last moment have saved Him, or she could have suffered with Him. She could have witnessed: 'He is the Son of God, yea! He is the Son of the Holy Ghost.' Was she there? No. It is idle to make any excuse for her. . . . Even the heathen Pilate would have released Him. 'I have found no cause of death in Him.' Was she at hand to say: 'No, there is no such cause. I can testify that He is the Son of God, the spiritual King of Israel?' She was silent."

This then, according to Mr. Marshall, and according to the controversial works issued by "Wycliffe House," Great Queen Street, this is *the Bible's representation of Mary*. Mary was an unbeliever. Her "desertion of her Son at Nazareth was due to her unbelief." She had neither the courage, nor the heart of an ordinary mother; rather than run any risks in common with her Divine Son, she put Him out of doors; she refused to interfere when a word from her would have rescued Him from the hands of a furious crowd, and finally, when Pilate was looking for an excuse to save Him from the Cross, she maintained a guilty silence. Is this what we are to expect as the happy outcome of Protestant zeal for the honour of Jesus? Is He honoured by giving Him for a mother a constructive murderess? And is this what the Bible leads to?

How often had our Lord to complain of the want of faith even among His followers? *O incredulous generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I*

suffer you? Among the Apostles themselves, the carefully selected pillars of His nascent Church, how few of them were, on this score, without reproach!

Up to the day of the resurrection they were upbraided by their Divine Master as *foolish, and slow of heart to believe.* The fact is that to believe was not a very easy thing to do. It must have been a heavy tax on faith to give up all past traditions about the glory of the restored kingdom of Israel, and to expose oneself to expulsion from the synagogue, perhaps even to death, and to cast one's lot in with the son of a carpenter, as if he were the great Messiah. Nor did Jesus overlook this fact. The silence of Mary was amply justified by His own reticence about Himself, by His forbearance with the incredulous, by the extreme care He took to prepare men's minds gradually, by exhibitions of miraculous power, to receive Him as the Son of God. He shows us that He made full allowance for the difficulty faith in Him presented even to friends. But there were others, a large majority, including the influential upper classes, Scribes, and Pharisees, and High Priests, who in answer to His miracles, said He was possessed of Beelzebub, and on whom the wonders He had wrought had made no more impression than His meekness, His reproaches, and His threats; men who had hardened their hearts, and made up their minds that, right or wrong, He should die; and it is this majority that Mr. Marshall believes would have been converted had Mary only rushed forward "with frantic devotion," and told them that, "she from her own experience could testify that He had no earthly father," and this is the evidence on which he rests his atrocious libel!

When Jesus left Nazareth He was practising what He afterwards preached: *He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me* (St. Matt. x. 37). It was the first day of His public life. Mr. Marshall thinks Mary ought to have gone forth with Him. Imagine the absurdity of the missioner being everywhere followed by his mother!

Mary, however, though modestly hidden as a rule,

did now and then appear, and thus we find her, when the storm was raging in its fury, and danger at its height, standing in tears at the foot of the Cross.

This is hardly consistent with the theory of "Mary's desertion of her Son," and other conduct "unloyal in a Christian, and unnatural in a mother," of which he accuses her. How does Mr. Marshall explain it? On Calvary "the sword for the first time is unsheathed out of her soul." The sword, as he has already informed us, was the fear of persecution and consequent loss of faith. This sword, for some unexplained reason, entered her heart at the time when Simeon uttered his prophecy in the temple, when he had the happiness of taking the Holy Child in his arms; and there it remained till, for some reason also unexplained, it was unsheathed on Calvary. There, in some mysterious way, our Blessed Lady was suddenly converted, and that faith which the multiplication of loaves and fishes, the healing of the sick, and the raising of the dead to life, had failed to keep alive, is kindled again in her heart by the sight of her Son, now deserted by His Apostles, dying as a felon on a cross.

One more passage from Mr. Marshall and we are finished with him. He ultimately saves the Blessed Virgin. "Where is she now?" he asks. "Assuredly in heaven." But even there his malevolence follows her. "She is there side by side with the persecuting Paul, the Lord-denying Peter, the twice faith-failing Abraham, the fraudulent Jacob, the rebellious Moses, the idolatrous Aaron, the adulterous David, and the disobedient prophet of Bethel."

O merciful Jesus, let me, in the Day of Judgement, take my chance amongst all such sinners, a thousand times sooner than with the man whose heart has conceived such blasphemies against Thy spotless Mother, and spoken so irreverently about Thy saints!

We have written enough to lay bare the axioms of this champion of Protestantism, and, having done so, we hold ourselves excused from following him in his exposition of texts quoted, and explained above

(Section ii.), in his many stupid blunders as to the meaning of Catholic doctrines assailed by him, and in his coarse and carnal attempt to steal from our Blessed Lady the title of virginity, which has ever been esteemed in Christendom as the brightest jewel in her crown. Indeed we have followed him perhaps too far already. The perusal of what we have written will be to Catholics, and, we hope, even to the majority of Protestants, inexpressibly painful and offensive, and it is for the benefit of these latter that we have ventured to put it into print. We have no doubt in our own minds that this unhappy "devil's advocate" is looked upon as a worthy member of the religious body to which he belongs. It would not surprise us to hear that he is a regular communicant in the Church of England. At any rate there is nothing in his tract to prevent him. What infatuation is it then that keeps people, we do not say in a Church where such a person might be found, but in a Church which is obliged to tolerate such a person within her pale, which cannot help herself, which has not the power to expel him, nor authoritatively to condemn his book; and which, "open and notorious" as his conduct has been, dare not, if he present himself at her table, refuse to administer to him her bread and wine, but must receive him as a brother, allowing him to partake in what, we presume she considers the most sacred of her rites?

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

In view of the number of meetings organized throughout the country by an association calling itself the "Protestant Alliance," it may be useful to the English public to be in possession of the following facts respecting this body. According to the Annual Report of 1895, the Protestant Alliance has for its object :—

"To maintain and defend against all the encroachments of Popery the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principles of religious liberty, as the best security under God for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the British Empire."

The methods adopted by the Protestant Alliance in furtherance of their objects, include the use of language at their meetings which was described by Mr. Mead, the magistrate sitting at Worship-street Police Court on June 28, 1894, as **horrible.** (See shorthand notes of judgement in case of Sewell *v.* Phipps, reported in the *Catholic Standard*, July 5, 1894.)

A fair specimen of this "horrible" language is furnished by the report of the lecture given by Mr. Walter Walsh, Editor of the *Protestant Observer* and one of the "Alliance" lecturers, in the *English Churchman* of May 31, 1894.

In the course of his address, Mr. Walsh is reported to have said :—

"God said—and he would sooner listen to God than to all the Roman Catholic priests in the world—God said that images are an 'abomination' to the Lord, and 'cursed' is the man that makes them. Therefore their own Bible proved that **the curse of God was on every Roman Catholic Chapel."** (Great uproar and cries of order.)

Horrible language is, however, not the only weapon wielded by this Society in its affected championship of "religious liberty." The exhibition and holding up to ridicule of objects which the vast majority of the Christians in the world hold sacred, find an equal place in its programme.

On Sunday, February 16, 1896, a Protestant Alliance meeting was held in Hyde Park, at which a Mr. Frank Cable, one of the Protestant Alliance lecturers, exhibited a rosary and some of the altar breads used in connection with the celebration of Mass and the administration of Holy Communion in the Catholic Church. A serious disturbance ensued, resulting in police-court proceedings for assault, in which, curiously enough, another of the Protestant Alliance lecturers appeared as solicitor for the prosecution (See reports in *St. James's Gazette* of February 17, 1896, and *Daily Telegraph* of February 18, 1896).

The attention of the House of Commons having been called to the matter, the remarks of the Home Secretary (Sir Matthew White Ridley) are thus reported in the *Standard* of February 22, 1896 :—"The Home Secretary said the hon. gentleman (Mr. W. Redmond) had asked him to express a strong feeling in reference to the proceedings which had unhappily taken place in Hyde Park. He had endeavoured to do so the day before. He said then, and repeated now, that it was a great misfortune, to say the least of it, that not only intemperate language should be used in the Parks, or anywhere else for the matter of that, but that, beyond language of that description, there should be such an exhibition of sacred emblems as had naturally excited the feelings of the hon. gentleman and his co-religionists."

Undeterred by this public censure, the lecturer Cable, on the 8th June, 1867, exhibited in Hyde Park bottles said to contain holy water from Lourdes, and holy oil. At the police-court proceedings following the inevitable

disorder, the other Protestant Alliance lecturer again appeared, this time in defence of Cable, who was charged with disorderly behaviour. In reply to a complaint from this person that a Catholic had brought a serious charge against Cable, Mr. Hannay, the magistrate, remarked, "Your client went prepared with his bottles and oil on purpose, apparently, to cause a riot. It is lamentable that such things should be allowed in Hyde Park" (See *Daily Telegraph*, June 9, 1896). At a subsequent hearing, Cable was fined 40s., and 21s. costs, the magistrate using the following words in the course of his judgement:—

"Cable, the lecturer and convener, had been warned that disorder would probably result, but yet he went on with the oil, which was now said to be water, and holy water. He (Mr. Hannay) could not imagine anything more likely to provoke a disturbance than for a man to take these things, which were precious in the eyes of Roman Catholics, although Protestants treated them with slight respect. He must have known what would happen. Disorder did occur, and persons had to be removed, and yet he continued the meeting, and concluded what he had to say" (*Daily Telegraph*, June 16, 1896).

It would seem that Protestant lecturers are, in their hatred of Catholicism, lamentably indifferent to the company they keep, if we may judge from the following incident. On May 1, 1888, an impostor called Widdows, who had been masquerading for some time as an ex-monk,—though as far as can be ascertained, he was never a Catholic, much less a monk—was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court by Mr. Justice A. L. Smith (not a Roman Catholic) to ten years penal servitude for a peculiarly horrible crime (See *The Times*, May 2, 1888).

This person was ultimately released on ticket-of-leave, and in the *Bethnal Green News* of January 11, 1896, we read the following account of a meeting in Victoria Park, con-

ducted by a Mr. Job Williams, who was at one time, if not then, a lecturer for the Protestant Alliance:—

"There was a very large gathering in Victoria Park on Sunday afternoon last, at the usual open-air meetings conducted by Mr. Job Williams, Mr. Walker, and other gentlemen connected with the Protestant cause in East London. Mr. Williams introduced Mr. Widdows, and in doing so, said he had great sympathy with the rev. gentleman in his trouble, and was glad to see him back again in the neighbourhood of South Hackney, and glad to know that the congregation at the Church of Martin Luther had received him back as their pastor. **He prayed God to bless him in his work.**"

At the end of Widdows' address Mr. Williams said: 'This was the first time he had heard this wonderful ex-monk; he hoped it would not be the last." A ring was then formed and the men threw in their offerings, as the audience wished Mr. Widdows to receive them as a vote of confidence: the largest collection ever made in the Park was handed over by Mr. Walker to Mr. Widdows amidst cheers.

Comment upon this reckless patronage of an ex-convict, as to the justice of whose conviction there can be no shadow of doubt, is needless. But fair-minded Protestants may well be asked whether they approve of, or intend to countenance, an organization conducted on the lines of the Protestant Alliance. Small wonder is it that disturbance and disorder are prominent features of Protestant Alliance meetings.

It becomes, therefore, the duty of all good Catholics and of all decently disposed Protestants to keep away from gatherings which, it is not too much to say, are a disgrace to a civilized Christian community.

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